Burlington Public Library,
BURLINGTON N. C.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1925 No. 3114

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 253
EDITORIALS:
The First President of Germany 256
The Progressive Convention 257
Medill McCormick 257
"Such Ships as Those" 258
TREASON IN THE GERMAN REPUBLIC. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer.. 259
REACTION IN CENTRAL EUROPE. By Emil Lengyel..... 260
JAILING WORKERS IN POLAND. By Henri Barbusse..... 262
THE NEW GERMAN AMBASSADOR. By Max Jordan..... 264
MEDUSA. By Joseph Auslander..... 264
ENOCH. By Harold Vinal..... 264
MY FRIEND McCORMICK. By William Hard..... 265
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter..... 266
CORRESPONDENCE 266
BOOKS AND PLAYS:
Dialogue. By Babette Deutsch 268
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren..... 268
Out of British Windows. By Henry Raymond Mussey..... 268
An Impatient Prophet. By Arthur Livingston..... 269
Under Which Flag, Bezonian? By Donald Douglas..... 270
The Philippines Again. By Raymond Leslie Buell..... 271
Books in Brief 271
Drama: Figures of the Dawn. By Joseph Wood Krutch..... 272
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Austria's Rehabilitation. Chapter II. By Heinrich Kanner..... 274
The Dawes Plan. By J. A. H. Hopkins..... 275

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
FREDA KIRCHWEY, Managing Editor MARK VAN DOREN, Literary Editor

DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

Contributing Editors
ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS
JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

DEADLY OPPOSED AS WE ARE to any more societies we do earnestly favor the organization of a League for the Spanking of Talking Admirals and Generals. The latest naval offender is Rear Admiral William W. Phelps, who assured a group of war-loving women in Washington that a conflict with England was inevitable because of our creation of our own merchant marine. This challenge to British sea-power, he declares, has won us the "bitter animosity" of British shipping interests, which, the Admiral asserts, expected us to scrap our ships after the war. So he leads us directly to the conclusion that every admiral reaches in discussing national questions, namely, that our only hope of survival as a nation lies in a huge navy. All this, of course, by way of backing up his government in its policy of limiting armaments and his commander-in-chief's insistence on Washington's Birthday that we must not increase our fleets and armies to the point where we shall be a threat to others. It was this sort of saber-rattling by naval men which led to the war between Germany and England, and its continuance between English and American officers can have only a similar result. Incidentally, someone ought to tell Admiral Phelps that it is by no means established that we are going to keep our merchant marine, or that if we do it will menace anybody else. Just now it is reported that serious efforts will soon be made in government circles to sell many of our idle ships to foreigners.

CONGRESS MADE A NASTY PUNCTURE in President Coolidge's economy program in the concluding days of the short session by passing a bill raising the salaries of Senators and Representatives from $7,500 to $10,000 a year. We do not quarrel in principle with this action. Compared with the exorbitant salaries paid to mere chair-warmers in the business world, $10,000 a year is not much for a member of our national legislature. But in view of the fact that employees in the federal departments have not yet had salary increases anywhere near commensurate with the increased cost of living it does seem that members of Congress chose a poor moment to boost their own pay. They did, it is true, also pass a bill increasing salaries in the postal service, but the money for this is to come out of higher rates. At this writing President Coolidge—after vetoing an increase in salaries which did not provide for higher rates—has reluctantly signed the new postal bill and political considerations will compel him to sign the other too even though he makes a wry face in doing it.

SOME GOOD AND SOME BAD proposals were lost in the final rush in Congress. No legislation was obtained for the relief of farmers, but that was predictable weeks ago and lack of time cannot reasonably be given as the excuse for failure in this direction. The fact is that there was no agreement on any plan that carried promise of enough helpfulness to be worth anybody's attention. We can reconcile ourselves to the failure of considerable hoped-for legislation, however, in the fact that among the bills that went to the waste-basket was that designed to turn over to private control the government's great power plant at Muscle Shoals. The final failure of this outrageous measure was apparently due more to a technicality than to considerations of principle, but the result is that the indefatigable Senator Norris has won another battle, and every battle won helps. Delay until next session may result in publicity which will compel Congress to take a more public-spirited attitude on the question, especially with an investigation of the General Electric Company in view. Supporters of continued government ownership of Muscle Shoals, either from the standpoint of electric power or manufacture of nitrates, must continue their fight unabated.

IT IS A PATHETIC THING to read of the vast congregation that turned out to bid Harry Emerson Fosdick goodby. His own people in his own church in New York City loved him and wanted to keep him, but a general assembly dominated by Fundamentalists had decreed that he must preach a gospel which was not his own, or get out. Dr. Fosdick, a Baptist, had come to that Presbyterian church in days, as he put it, "when we told each other with tears in our eyes of Catholic chaplains giving the last rites to Jewish soldiers and Protestant clergymen holding the crucifix before the closing eyes of Catholic boys." At that time it seemed possible to create an interdenominational ministry which should be in fact "a house of prayer for all people." A new day has dawned, in which fundamentalism,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Ku Klux Klan of the church, awakens bigotries and intolerances that had seemed stilled forever. We are in an era of heresy trials. Bishop Brown is being excommunicated by the Episcopalians; the dominant group of the Presbyterians will have none of Fosdick; and Bishop Manning, while asking Jews and Catholics for money for his cathedral, refuses the suggestion that one or two men of other creeds be added to its board of trustees.

BEHIND THE DOCTRINAL DIFFERENCES of the moment is a larger question. To Dr. Fosdick's own congregation doctrine seemed unimportant. "We have been united not by unanimity of opinion but by communion of purpose," Dr. Fosdick said in his farewell sermon. "Our center has been Jesus Christ himself, and what he stood for, and, sharing that central devotion, we have been tolerant of doctrinal difference." Of course that ignores differences of opinion as to what Jesus did stand for. "We have stood for an inclusive church. The tragedy of Protestantism has been that every time anybody lighted on a new opinion in doctrine or church polity he went off, if he had power enough, and founded a new denomination." It might be argued, however, that an inclusive church is not the ideal; that it is the nature of a church to believe in something and believe in it intensely; and that when the church ceases to care for its own doctrines it will have lost its inner reason for existence. And if that be even half true, the new religious intolerance is not wholly to be regretted.

PRESIDENT GOODNOW'S PROPOSAL of a plan whereby the freshman and sophomore years shall be amputated from the curriculum of Johns Hopkins University is not new in America. The proposal—though only a proposal—has actually been made by heads of State universities in the Middle West, where the popular demand for college education is probably strongest of all; and "junior colleges" have become common. But if the plan is carried out at Baltimore, Johns Hopkins will be the first major university of the country to try an experiment the success of which would mean much for American learning. The organization necessary for instructing masses of freshmen and sophomores—boys and girls who in all but a few cases have no idea whatever as to the kind of serious work they will do later—has increasingly sapped the energies of staffs whose chief qualification is presumably for research or at least for the guidance of others in research. Youths of eighteen and nineteen must be taught, of course, and taught well; but junior colleges will perhaps be all the more effective for their independence from graduate schools. And the universities proper are certain to benefit through receiving a body of students who definitely desire more than a bachelor's degree. Educators will watch with an especially keen interest the results of such policies in a university which during its comparatively brief history has become so eminent in the field of pure scholarship.

TEN OF THE TWENTY Latin-American republics are bound by loans and contracts to accept the financial domination of North American financial interests, and the State Department has given its visa to almost all the documents defining that control. In six of the ten United States troops are now doing police duty, or have recently done so, mainly for the protection of those financial interests. Mr. Knox estimated the cost of this financial police service, thirteen years ago, at about a million dollars a year, and it is probably several times as great today. In these circumstances great importance attaches to the excellent resolution introduced in Congress by Senator Ladd of North Dakota, upon which the Foreign Relations Committee has been holding hearings. This bill requests the President to instruct all the executive departments to refrain, without specific prior authorization from Congress, from

> (1) directly or indirectly engaging the responsibility of the Government of the United States, or otherwise on its behalf to supervise the fulfilment of financial arrangements between citizens of the United States and sovereign foreign governments or political subdivisions thereof, whether or not recognized *de jure* or *de facto* by the United States Government, or
>
> (2) in any manner whatsoever giving official recognition to any arrangement which may commit the Government of the United States to any form of military intervention in order to compel the observance of alleged obligations of sovereign or subordinate authority, or of any corporations or individuals, or to deal with any such arrangement except to secure the settlement of claims of the United States or of United States citizens through the ordinary channels of law provided therefor in the respective foreign jurisdictions, or through duly authorized and accepted arbitration agencies.

A few letters from their constituents would help stir Senators to interest in this measure.

THE IMMIGRATION LAW which went into effect on July 1, last, is doing substantially what it was designed to do, so far as may be judged by the experience of the first six months. This law, it will be remembered, established a 2 per cent quota instead of one of 3 per cent, based on the census of 1890 instead of that of 1910. The purpose was frankly not only further to restrict immigration but to cut off especially that of Southern and Eastern Europe. The first six months' experience with the new law—July to December, inclusive—brought into this country 147,737 true immigrants. There were in addition 84,955 aliens admitted as non-immigrants—that is, as persons here temporarily for pleasure, study, or business. During the same period 57,631 aliens left our shores as emigrants and 77,672 as non-emigrants. Thus our net gain was 97,389 persons. The 147,737 immigrants noted above included those from the non-quota countries as well as restricted regions. The number actually charged against the quota was only 66,749, or less than half of the total annual allowance of 164,667. Thus it appears that the new law is working, as was hoped, to distribute arrivals throughout the twelve months and prevent the tremendous congestion that took place under the first quota law at the beginning of the fiscal year. Another fortunate result is that rejections are now mostly made in Europe. In the year ended June 30, 1924, 10,114 persons were turned back at Ellis Island. In the six months ended December 31, last, there were only 1,107.

IN OTHER RESPECTS the law, although working as its sponsors desired, is not so satisfactory. From the standpoint of those opposed to fencing this country off from the rest of the world, and especially those who deplore the growth here of racial bigotry based on unscientific and undemocratic reasoning, results justify the fears of those who were against this legislation when it was in process of enactment. So far as concerns all the important races of South and Eastern Europe, except the Jews, there has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not only been a drastic reduction in arrivals but a net actual loss when emigration is set off against immigration. In the six months under review Jewish immigration exceeded emigration by 5,835 persons; but for the Italians there was a loss of 18,086 individuals, for the Greeks of 3,989, for the Spaniards of 2,683, for the Poles of 1,278. It may be added that the experience of the last six months of 1924 ought to be sufficient to prove that there is no justification, even from the standpoint of the extreme restrictionists, for extending the quota law to countries of the Western Hemisphere, as has been advocated by Secretary Davis and a number of others. Extension of quota restrictions has been argued mainly on the basis of the large immigration over the Mexican border. But owing to improved opportunities in our sister republic this movement has greatly diminished. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1924, the net Mexican immigration was 87,410; for the six months ended December 31, last, it was only 10,269.

ON FEBRUARY 26, 1875, a little eleven-year-old girl appeared at a concert of the Beethoven Society of Chicago playing Beethoven's Andante in F in a way to convince all her hearers that a great artist was in the process of development. On February 26, 1925, this same pianist, long since known to musical fame as Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, played that same Beethoven Andante at a special concert in her honor given by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the proceeds of which were turned over to the United Charities of Chicago for the relief of incapacitated and worthy musicians. The citizenry of Chicago, headed by Jane Addams, united in a great dinner to Mrs. Zeisler, at which was expressed not merely the feeling of Chicago but, we are sure, the opinion of the entire American musical world, about her long and splendid record as an artist. It is not given to many artists to look back upon so long a career, nor is it given to many to be so secure in the esteem not only of the understanding ones in America but of musicians throughout Europe as well. Everywhere abroad Mrs. Zeisler has ranked as an American; indeed this brilliant pupil of Leschetizky seems to have been the first great American woman pianist. She came to this country from Poland at the age of two, however, and belongs to the class of immigrants we are now so carefully excluding. Well, here is one who has repaid her adopted country many times. Our only regret is that she has been too sparing with her public appearances.

WHEN THE UNIVERSAL four-hour day is installed by an enlightened public for factory workers, musicians will be out of luck—artists of all kinds, but especially musicians. Ethel Leginska explains that she worked ten to twelve hours a day practicing and studying scores before she knocked off for a little recreation, and her recreation was composing music. No wonder she broke down and missed her concert (spending the week of her breakdown in writing a piano concerto). The wonder is that any virtuoso can stand the strain. Competition and the star system have forced performers to acquire a machine-like physical technique together with an aesthetic meticulousness that is almost superhuman. Miss Leginska has incredible energy as well as artistic feeling. Her name was originally Ethel Liggins. In changing it she seems to have accepted the theory she disproves—that Anglo-Saxons are cold, stodgy sticks, quite devoid of "temperament."

THE EDUCATION OF PAUL HANNA began when he stepped out of primary school and went to work on a farm in Pennsylvania at the age of eleven. Thereafter an eager mind and active body led him through an arduous and rich variety of occupations and human contacts. He worked as machine-shop apprentice, mechanical optician, rancher in Wyoming and Colorado, clerk in the building of the Panama Canal, gold miner in Nevada. From this experience there emerged a rebel against the capitalist order and a journalist of keen vision and fine expression. Newspaper work also kept Hanna roving; from the San Francisco *Call* to the New York *World*, from the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph* to the London *Daily Herald*. As the Washington correspondent of an extreme reactionary paper during the war, he wrote articles of such deft and devastating penetration that only a blindly patriotic editor failed to see their subversive significance. Hanna reported the Versailles Conference for the New York *Call*, lucidly analyzing the evil forces at work in that gathering and exposing the sham of the Wilsonian peace in a series of dispatches which remain among the finest contemporary interpretations of those days. The years following the peace brought to Hanna the inevitable conflicts and perplexities of a time too inexorable to explain itself to one who held an abiding faith in democracy and in human reasonableness. Hanna lacked prejudice, and these are hard days for anyone without a sustaining prejudice. He withdrew from the bitterness of party factionalism to engage in artistic creation. His plans and a life of great social usefulness were ended by his sudden, untimely death last week at the age of forty-three.

HJALMAR BRANTING was not a very great statesman but he was an extraordinarily right-minded one. He saw a vision of a better and nobler world and for that he worked incessantly. Particularly was this true in the field of international relations. Never blinded by the war lies, he was one of that fine band of plain men and women who made up the Socialist Conference at Berne in February, 1919, the first time that men and women from opposing camps sat down in friendship and good-will to propose plans for the reunion of Europe which, had they been followed, must have avoided the evils which have come out of Versailles. Branting was one of the most conspicuous in his efforts to bring about complete harmony, and as presiding officer translated French or English or German speeches into the other two languages with amazing facility. Few dreamed then that this man would return to Sweden to become its first Socialist Prime Minister. Always earnestly opposed to bolshevism, Branting held the Swedish Socialists together by the force of his extraordinary personality. For the cause of the League of Nations he worked enthusiastically, but he fully understood its limitations. A visitor to Geneva in 1923, just after the Corfu incident, found this lovable and usually calm man pacing his room utterly dismayed. "If this goes on," he said, "I shall organize the small nations and take them out of the League." He well deserved the Nobel Peace Prize which he shared with a Norwegian four years ago. Especially interesting is it to recall that this pacifist Prime Minister was imprisoned six times before his twenty-fifth birthday for his ardent championship of the rights of labor. What chance could a man who started like that have in America?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The First President of Germany

"FRITZ" EBERT was not a great man, but he was a good man for his task. This unassuming, conscientious saddler was able to weather storms which might well have ended the career of a more brilliant man. It was impossible to become passionate about Ebert, pro or con; he was so tremendously conscientious, so earnest, so impeccably honest, and yet so uninspired.

The Nationalists centered their attack upon Ebert not for what he was as an individual, but for what he symbolized. And in his rise to the headship of the German Republic there was indeed drama. Ebert was a tailor's son, and he began his own career as a saddler's apprentice; his wife did the family cooking and scrubbing; and two of his sons became manual laborers in turn. His daughter did not ask a day off from her job as a stenographer to see her father inaugurated as Germany's first President, because she thought her father would rather have her stick to her task. In that simple family history was epitomized a story that is gall and wormwood to the men who like to think of themselves as the hereditary leaders of Germany. The Kaiser's successor as the chief of the German Reich was a man of the people whose manners and appearance proclaimed his origin to every visitor. It was not Ebert himself that the Junkers resented; it was the revolution that he symbolized.

In a sense Ebert outlived himself as a symbol. He was tossed into power, almost by accident, in a revolution which speedily outran his conservative socialist philosophy; and he continued to hold power after the ebb-tide of reaction had made him appear once more as a radical.

Ebert himself changed little while his world kaleidoscoped about him. He was always a "regular." He led—and won—a strike when he was only 21, but after that youthful outburst he settled down as a very moderate Socialist indeed. His rise was not due to public oratory. The Social Democracy was before the war, as indeed it still is, the largest and best organized party in Germany, and Ebert passed through the ranks of the party bureaucracy from secretary of the Bremen local to the national chairmanship. He did not enter the Reichstag until 1912, and did not distinguish himself there. On August 4, 1914, he willingly voted the military credits, and he never sympathized with the pacifists and revolutionaries within his own party. As late as September, 1916, he publicly denounced those who organized strikes in the munitions works; and following his vote for the war credits in July, 1917, he accepted a formal invitation to call upon the Kaiser, thereby winning the nickname of Kaiser-Socialist. His only war-time opposition to the Government came when, under Chancellor Michaelis, a German sailor was shot for preaching socialism in the fleet. The revolution was no act of Ebert or of his party—with Scheidemann he was seeking to democratize the monarchist constitution when the Berlin mobs forced them, without waiting for parliamentary warrant, to proclaim themselves leaders of a new republic. If they had not seized the reins of power plenty of Independents and Spartacists would have been only too ready to take charge. Calling himself Chancellor for a few days he yielded to the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies and accepted the title of Chairman of the Council of Commissars of the People. But whatever title he assumed he never dreamed of imitating Soviet Russia. He insisted upon calling a National Assembly to draft the new constitution, and when the Spartacists sought to hurry matters he gave his comrade Noske a free hand to drown their revolts in blood. He believed in the process of political democracy; but he wanted "strong government"—he had no use for street revolutions.

Time brought a change in the spirit of Germany. There were still eager hopefulness and democratic enthusiasm when Ebert was elected President in 1919, but they have gradually given way to disillusion and despair, and in that disillusion many Germans are turning back to their old gods. With a hasty but natural process of reasoning they say: "Things were not as bad as this in the Kaiser's day." In 1920 a little band of extremists under Kapp thought that by a show of military power they could seize control of Germany. A workers' strike speedily revealed their weakness. Today the militarists no longer rely on force alone; they have almost succeeded in persuading the country that they are right.

For this change the Allies are largely responsible. They have given no encouragement to republicanism in Germany—they treated Ebert as they would have treated Tirpitz or Hindenburg, had such men been chosen leaders of the post-war governments. They invaded the Ruhr when the German Government was in default of its obligations by a few thousand telegraph poles, and the natural result was to weaken the parties which had been doing their best to carry out a "fulfilment-policy." More recently the Allies have weakened the liberal cause in Germany by their refusal to evacuate Cologne and by their dishonesty in excusing their action. Herriot, with a weak parliamentary majority behind him, feared that he would fall if he evacuated the Ruhr, which would have been left exposed if the troops left Cologne. An excuse was sought—that the Germans had not entirely disarmed. But all the reported violations put together would hardly provide material for a Sunday revolution in Central America; as danger of war in Europe they were ludicrous. It took a committee of Allied experts six weeks to draw up a report that would make them sound like anything at all; the Allies announced early in January that they would not evacuate Cologne, but their explanation was not ready until the end of February. Nor have the Allies a good record even at their best. We do not agree in every detail with Mr. Hopkins's analysis, printed elsewhere in this issue, but he is absolutely right in this, that the Dawes Plan, the most forward-looking step taken by the Allies, is fundamentally a program to "stabilize" Germany by making her a sort of milk cow for foreign interests. In the long run it may result in uniting resentment against capital with resentment against foreigners.

Concern as to Ebert's successor is expressed in the dispatches from London and Paris. Well it may be. Germany's domestic politics are dominated by questions of foreign policy, and if the Allies continue to regard Germany as a pariah-nation, disarmed and helpless, to be bullied and treated with ultimatums, liberalism in Germany is not likely to get far. Ebert, who was proud of his friendship with the Kaiser, seemed backward enough in 1919; a less liberal man is likely to succeed him in 1925.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Progressive Convention

CONSIDERING all the difficulties in the way, it seems to us that the outcome of the Progressive Conference in Chicago was as satisfactory as could possibly have been expected. When we say that, we do not overlook the fact that the only platform adopted was that of the past campaign, which needs much overhauling; nor do we deny that the hopes for an American labor party, as such, are for the time being ended. The secession of the labor unions is to be deplored, but they must make their own decisions. In view of the intense feeling in the West against the Socialist name, the compromise that the new party should not be organized by groups except in so far as each individual State organization might desire to do so was as suitable a one as could be worked out. We have not withheld from our readers our belief that we are facing a day of small things for those who believe in the inadequacy of the two older parties to serve the American people. We are not changed in this opinion nor are we downcast by the outcome at Chicago. As we have said before, what we are facing is a long period of education. The political backwardness of the American masses is so great that for a long time to come there must be kindergarten instruction in matters political and economic.

But whether the progressive movement be small or large, for the next few years its educational value can be made inestimable if those who believe in government by the people instead of a government owned by and for the corporations will make up their minds to carry on the programs voiced by Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, bringing them up to date by means of a persistent, determined educational effort. This will be laying the foundation for a third party in the campaign four, or if need be, eight years hence. There is now an opportunity for experimenting in group rather than individual leadership, and the flexibility of the organization created in Chicago should make it possible for this movement of protest to develop naturally in each State according to the forms it has already taken in those States or in line with the judgment of such persons as are willing to put their shoulders to the wheel.

The immensity of our country makes the task one of stupendous difficulty. Yet there is no country that we know of in which public opinion can on occasion change more rapidly; and that there is a stirring in the people, a widespread desire for some other kind of political service than is now rendered to them, is apparent enough from the five million votes for La Follette and the intense bitterness and fear which marked the attacks by the defenders of the existing political status. Undoubtedly there is much truth in the assertions of those who declare that no great political revolution will take place until there is one stirring political or economic issue. That may be. All the more necessary is it that even on a small scale there should be preparation of leaders to go to the front when the time comes. That is the great opportunity of the progressives of the present time, as it is the great lesson of the service rendered by those who through long, weary years educated the leaders of the future British Labor Party. Above all, truth, honesty, freedom, and progress are on the side of those who fight for a new political alignment in this country, and these cannot be put down.

Medill McCormick

SENATOR MEDILL McCORMICK in his later years could hardly be ranked as either a progressive or a reactionary. Somewhere in between he stood, voting more and more regularly with the conservatives. A vice-president of the Roosevelt Progressive committee in 1912, he accepted Calvin Coolidge in 1924, albeit somewhat reluctantly. Yet he had a broad vision, a keen, quick understanding of popular currents of thought, and a far-reaching perception of the faults of our system of government—rare qualities in American politics. He often illuminated problems by his special knowledge, setting forth not only their meaning but their possible ramifications in a manner worthy of the best traditions of world statesmanship.

This was in considerable measure due to the fact that he had had an unusual education, having been a schoolboy both in England and in France and having had every advantage in foreign countries which wealth could supply. To find a man in Washington who knew Europe and the Europeans as thoroughly as only those can who have lived on the Continent and know some of its languages is rare, indeed. French Mr. McCormick spoke almost like a native, and German and Spanish fluently enough. There were times when it seemed as if he were the most useful man in the Senate so far as foreign affairs were concerned. Many of his most distinguished colleagues hoped that Mr. Coolidge would appoint him to one of the three great embassies abroad that the country might continue to have the benefit of his extraordinary knowledge and of a personality which would have graced any embassy. It was apparent before his death that this was not likely to be, but it is no less a tragedy that one so admirably equipped for public service should be cut off when not yet forty-eight years of age.

It was the fact that Mr. McCormick could regard problems in a broad and constructive way that made it possible for *The Nation* to respect his views although frequently it had to differ with them. You could argue with a man who really tried to base his Caribbean policy on a principle or a theory even though that theory might be entirely repugnant to you. To strike steel with him was the pleasanter because of his good humor and his frankness. While he by no means accepted the rank imperialistic position, the worship of force and might, which characterizes to its shame the Chicago *Tribune*, now conducted by his brother, the Senator none the less held views that smacked far too much of the English method of approaching overseas issues. Yet he was a distinctly modifying force in our Caribbean policy. In large degree to his efforts has been due the withdrawal of our troops from Santo Domingo and the reduction and concentration of the garrisons in Haiti. To these problems and to all those growing out of the Treaty of Versailles he gave long study. We have seen it intimated in some of the New York newspapers that his opposition to the treaty and to the League of Nations was due to partisan considerations. Nothing could be further from the truth. He was profoundly aroused by the iniquities of that treaty and by the more recent policies of the French people whom he knew so well. For them he always cherished a great admiration; of them his criticisms were but the faithful wounds of a friend.

He was a devoted American who chose a life of public service in preference to one of ease. Here was no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Palm Beach sun-dweller, no intellectual idler. Eccentric some people thought him because he had a way of disappearing to the ends of the earth and then turning up unexpectedly, in odd garb, perhaps, but loaded with facts gained at first hand. His was a vivid, active, restless personality, deeply saturated with ambition, always in search of additional information, and always likable and lovable. His defeat last fall cut him to the quick because of the consciousness that he had worked too hard to deserve it, and because, like almost every other man in our public life, he had had to sustain vicious and untruthful personal attacks. Not that those defeated him. It was the support of his own brother's paper which tragically enough undermined him, together with the fact that he had become too much a middle-of-the-roader. Had he stood last year where he stood in 1912 he would, in our judgment, have been elected, and might today be looking forward to years of valuable public service. We are of the New York *World's* opinion that there remains no other public figure in this country "with quite the same activity or appeal."

"Such Ships as Those"

Those bows so lovely-curving, cut so fine,
Those coulters of the many-bubbled brine,
As once, long since, when all the docks were filled
With that sea-beauty man has ceased to build.

WHILE studying and admiring the beautiful ships in miniature assembled in the recent exhibition in New York City of the Ship Model Society one was arrested with the saddening thought that in another generation such material would be the only tangible remnant of the long and glorious reign of the square-rigged sailing vessel on the deep. In another generation the last of even the few surviving craft of this type will be a pile of wreckage on some storm-beaten coast or a dismantled hulk falling to pieces in a forgotten haven.

When one reflects on what the sailing ship has done for discovery and commerce it is apparent that it has been the principal handmaiden of man in his conquest of the globe. Without it, in fact, he might not know yet that this is a globe upon which he lives. Trireme and quinquireme were well enough for their day and their purpose. These fleet craft, driven by scores of slaves tugging at the oars, were great fighting machines and served for communication on the comparatively limited and smooth waters of the Mediterranean when the civilized world was still a narrow fringe bordering this sea. But could the world ever have become anything but this fringe without the help of the strong, enduring wings of sail? The Vikings, it is true, used oars as well as sail in their early and dauntless wanderings, but it could have been only on the latter that they relied in covering long stretches of storm-tossed ocean. And as for Columbus, Magellan, and Vasco da Gama, whose voyages burst the bounds of the Old World and brought into existence the New, the courage and endurance of man could not have compassed these achievements with oars alone.

In the spread of commerce, too, and the linking of the nations into one industrial fabric—that vastly humanizing movement that followed the age of discovery and conquest—the sailing ship was fundamental. It was the sailing ship that made the material resources of the world international in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—that carried tea from Canton to Boston, wool from Melbourne to Hull, coal from Cardiff to Montevideo, nitrate from Iquique to Antwerp, hides from Buenos Aires to London, indigo from Bombay to New York. It was the sailing ship that enabled man to find his world, subdue it, and internationalize it.

Of course, the sailing ship in some form is likely to continue indefinitely. Fore-and-aft-rigged schooners are still filling an important place in our coasting trade and that of other countries; they will probably continue with us for many years. So will pleasure yachts, dependent in part or wholly on sail. But the square-rigged sailing ship, virtually the only type employed in that great cross-seas evolution of which we have been speaking, seems to be doomed; only an economic revolution can bring it back.

Possibly an appreciation of this accounts for the remarkable attendance at an exhibition favored with the scantiest newspaper publicity and not likely, one would suppose, to divert much attention in an age of radio and jazz. To be sure there were models of other than sailing ships on view; the exhibits ranged from a miniature of an oar-propelled Egyptian vessel used in 3000 B.C. to a glittering metal likeness of the 52,000-ton liner Berengaria of 1925 A.D. Yet the soul of the exhibition was the sailing ship—Spanish galleon, seventeenth-century frigate, nineteenth-century clipper. Doubtless subconsciously we Americans are still a nautical people, and the recollection of our own splendid contribution to maritime history makes us cling with fine sentiment to that age of sail which we brought to its highest prestige.

Then, too, in the renaissance of interest in the square-rigged windjammer which has come in America there is an appreciation that it was more than a means of transit, more than a thing of beauty. The mastery of the sea is not yet. Doubtless there remain as fine sagas to be written of it in future as any that we have out of the past. Yet there was a human significance in the square-rigged sailing ship which must perish with it. As Lincoln Colcord says in the introduction to Joanna C. Colcord's collection of sea chanties "Roll and Go": "The sailing ship stood for a sociological achievement of the highest order. She stood for a medium whereby men were brought to their fullest development."

So we wish the Ship Model Society all success in its ambition to have established in New York City—America's greatest port—a maritime museum one object of which will be to carry down to other generations all that is possible of the age of sail, especially of its fruition in the New England clipper. Beautiful as were the models at the recent exhibition, they were mostly two feet or less in height. We would like to see models large enough so that all that wonderful maze of ropes and spars of the nineteenth-century windjammer can be reproduced on a scale sufficiently large to be seen and understood and reverently admired after the last square-rigger has gone to the locker of Davy Jones. And as a requiem we end, as we began, with Masefield:

Yet, though their splendor may have ceased to be,
Each played her sovereign part in making me;
Now I return my thanks with heart and lips
For the great queenliness of all those ships. . . .
They are grander things than all the art of towns,
Their tests are tempests and the sea that drowns,
They are my country's line, her great art done
By strong brains laboring on the thought unwon,
They mark our passage as a race of men,
Earth will not see such ships as those again.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treason in the German Republic

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

Berlin, February 5

GERMANY is full of it. It lurks in unexpected newspaper offices, it slides along the floors of the government bureaus, pokes its head into the waste-basket, opens files and pries locks, hunting secrets. One would hardly believe it if the Ministry of Justice did not vouch for the fact: there are thousands of traitors in Germany. So many that the discovery of a few new ones is hardly commented by the press and finds absolutely no echo in public opinion.

But, then, treason in Germany is different from treason anywhere else. It is easier to be a traitor. A German who works for a foreign paper, if worth his salt, can hardly avoid being a traitor. For his duty to his paper is to get hold of and publish interesting facts, possibly about the German state and the German army. To assist foreigners in obtaining *untrue* facts about the latter subjects may, in pacific-minded Germany, be treasonable.

Strictly speaking there are two kinds of traitors. First come the "high" traitors, so called because of the eminence of the object they betray. "L'état, c'est mon corps," said the various Kaisers. Attacks on their persons were deemed equivalent to attacks on the body politic. The President of the Republic no longer claims physically to incarnate the majesty of Germany. In the republic, only putsches, armed insurrections, incitement to armed overthrow of the constitution constitute "highly" treasonable acts. But of the many thousand political prisoners in Germany's hospitable prisons, only a few were condemned as "high" traitors. In this upper crust of treason we find a group of men who, led by the workman Max Hölz, took a prominent part in the insurrection of 1921 in Central Germany, a few followers of Kurt Eisner in the Bavarian Republic of Workmen's Councils of 1919 (all but four have now been amnestied), the planners and executants of the Hamburg insurrection of 1923.

The Germans, however, possess great mental subtlety. Not all armed insurrections against the state are treasonable. Ernst Toller, Erich Muehsam, and the followers of Max Hölz are "high" traitors. Kapp of the Kapp putsch, Captain Ehrhardt, Erich Ludendorff are not traitors—just as the assassins of Liebknecht and Walther Rathenau and Erzberger are not murderers. It depends on the motives. A traitor is not a traitor when he seeks to restore the monarchy or institute a military dictatorship of a patriotic kind. A German murderer is not a murderer when the victim is a Jew or a Catholic or a Communist. Who decides? The courts.

From the *Notenkraker* (Amsterdam)

THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR

Dr. Luther to the Reichstag: *"And now, gentlemen, I will close the Ministerial Declaration by saluting the Imperial and Royal German Republic."*

A further example of this legal subtlety. After the murder of the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, Walther Rathenau, by "patriotic" thugs, in 1921, a special law for the Defense of the Republic was enacted, which considerably extended the purlieus of high treason. Under the new law, even the publishing of newspaper articles which might induce hotheaded readers to commit acts of violence upon cabinet ministers or the President of the Republic, or articles which "threw contempt" upon republican institutions, or state emblems, became treasonable. A special state court was instituted to try these cases. But although nearly all the instigation to murder and mud-slinging came from monarchist and "racial" patriots, only Communists were condemned under the new law. The former can and do insult the republic in all possible ways, at most they are "admonished." But a Communist writer in the Berlin *Rote Fahne*, who reprinted verses by a "certain Heinrich Heine" (the words are those of the Public Prosecutor at Leipzig)—verses beginning

Doch als ich die schwarz-rot-goldene Fahn'
Den alt-germanischen Plunder—

was tried for throwing contempt on the republic.

So much for the higher treason. *Landesverrat*, or treason to one's country, is slightly different.

According to law a German is a "traitor to his country" if he (1) enters into connections with a foreign government for payment to betray military secrets, documents, plans of fortresses, etc.; (2) if he intentionally betrays state secrets or documents to foreigners from whom he knows such material, for the good of the German Reich, should be withheld; (3) if he publishes *false information which, if true,* might harm Germany; (4) if he enters into an agreement to deliver such false information to members of a foreign government, even if he actually communicates nothing (in this case the charge is "attempted treason").

Under such peculiar definitions of crime it is not difficult to be a criminal. For, despite appearances, there are in Germany a vast number of pacific or war-embittered spirits, who hate militarism in all its forms. Such persons have no difficulty in becoming treasonable.

The German workmen who regularly inform the officers of the Interallied Military Control Commission as to the quantity and whereabouts of arms and munitions of war which, under the Versailles Treaty, Germany solemnly promised to deliver up for destruction and never to make again, are traitors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A venerable German pacifist, like Professor Ludwig Quidde, who in the hope of saving Germany from Allied sanctions publishes a letter calling attention to the clandestine activities of the Reichswehr and the German Government in connection with the training of youths and the organization of secret patriotic and superpatriotic organizations, is a traitor.

Any number of less illustrious publicists, who charge the Reich with endeavoring to elude the Treaty of Versailles, or publish facts known even to schoolboys, are, *if the Government chooses to deny the charges*, traitors. Typical was the case of Felix Fechenbach, who has just been amnestied after spending about two years in prison for publishing in 1919 a telegram of the German Minister to the Vatican, Baron Ritter, in 1914, in which the latter alleged papal approval of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia.

A judge at Magdeburg has recently held that it is not libelous to damn the President of the Republic, Fritz Ebert, as a traitor in the monarchist press, because, during the war, he seems to have approved a munition workers' strike.

Thus it really requires very little ingenuity or wickedness to be a traitor. Moreover, the man convicted of treason to his country receives no written notice of the sentence and the grounds therefor from the state court. On this account no exact statistics of the number of victims of this preposterous legislation are available. The Communists claim that seven thousand of their members are undergoing prison sentences for political crimes. At the opening of each new parliamentary session they howl for a general amnesty, which no one dreams of granting. The republic must be protected at all costs! What more natural thought in the minds of monarchist cabinet ministers and judges whose whole mentality is treason to the Weimar constitution!

Reaction in Central Europe

By EMIL LENGYEL

GERMANY, Poland, Austria, and Hungary, so recently the wretched beggars of Europe, are now respectable members of the community of European nations. Their exchanges have been placed on a gold basis. Foreign capitalists, who had scorned them for their incompetence in adapting themselves to the changed situation, are rushing to their aid. This change of circumstance, however, is not the result of a change of heart on the part of the world. The countries of Central Europe have had to pay a heavy price for stabilization and the help of American and English capital. They have had to accept the terms dictated by their creditors. They have had to renounce some of the most valuable acquisitions of their revolutions. The Western lenders declared that no gold would be forthcoming until the parliaments of the countries which were to benefit from the foreign loans were eliminated. The demand of the capitalists indicated their distrust of the new parliaments which, after all, were born of revolutions and which therefore represented to a certain extent the will of the majority of the people. Austria, the first country to undergo this financial operation, was forced to enact an Emergency Authorization Law which deprived the Austrian legislature of even the last semblance of constitutional power and lodged quasi-dictatorial powers in a foreigner, the Commissioner General of the League of Nations.

Poland, although belonging to the so-called victors, could not escape the humiliation of having its Parliament declared incompetent to deal with the vital problems of the state. In that country, dictatorial powers, including the blank authorization to issue financial decrees, were vested in the Government. In Hungary, too, the Parliament had to pass a law, depriving itself of legislative power and transferring it into the joint custody of the Government and the Commissioner General of the League of Nations.

Finally, Germany had to pass a similar law, empowering the Government to usurp the functions of the legislature by issuing emergency decrees which are not even subject to the ratification of the Parliament. These laws which foreign command had forced upon Central Europe opened the door wide to reaction and autocracy even in countries in which a democratic tendency was discernible. On the other hand, in countries which had previously been oppressed by their rulers the declaration of the dictatorship of capital ended the hope of those who expected a gradual return to normal conditions.

Germany's population, which is the worst sufferer from this state of affairs, is too preoccupied with the financial woes attendant upon its era of "prosperity" to pay much attention to the rapid waning of its constitutional liberties. How could it otherwise tolerate the Government's arrogating for itself the most elementary legislative rights? The Cabinet, to mention only a few examples, indemnifies over the head of Parliament the owners of the Ruhr industries while it takes no notice of the damage done to the laborers of the same district. Just the other day the German Government ratified a commercial treaty which it had itself concluded with Austria. The Cabinet passes or revokes laws relating to the regulation of the working hours.

The Government's usurpation of the powers of the legislature, forced upon Germany by extraneous influences, has resulted in new attacks by the reactionary groups on the weak structure of German democracy. The industrial magnates, backed by foreign capital and assured that legislative vigilance was not to be feared, embarked upon operations which may be described as an economic white terror. Huge trusts, which have sprung into being almost over night, are dealing mercilessly with the consumer. The iron and steel industry behaves as if it were a state within the state. It concludes international treaties with the French Government and dictates its terms to the German Cabinet. It sells its merchandise at higher prices to its co-nationals in Germany where, due to the high protective tariff, it has nothing to fear from outside competition, while it lowers its prices in lands where it is in the race for business.

Besides the economic reaction, this formidable by-product of industrialism, a judicial terror characterizes the present situation in Germany. Almost from the birth of the republic the judicial branch of the Government has assumed an attitude of open hostility toward the new order The revolutionary era effected few changes in the judiciary despite the fact that its members were appointees of the Kaiser who made no secret of their monarchist sympathies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This leniency on the part of the republican authorities accounts for the present situation where one judge denounces the President of the German Republic as a traitor while another pays homage to General Ludendorff and his accomplices. Bavaria has been quiet lately, having no cause to be dissatisfied with the turn events have taken in the Reich; but the "Stahlhelm," the "Hakenkreuzler," and other terroristic organizations give signs of renewed activity by disrupting the meetings of the republicans. Captain Ehrhardt, of Kapp *putsch* fame, has published a book in which he heaps slander and calumny upon the republican authorities. So do Admiral Tirpitz and the other prearmistice ghosts who see the dawn of a new day.

In Austria Dr. Zimmermann, Commissioner General of the League of Nations, is the supreme reactionary power. He would reduce the meager salaries of Austrian state employees and, at the same time, cut down the taxes imposed upon excessive wealth and luxury. His wrath is turned not so much upon the present Christian Social Government, which tries its best to please him, as on the Minister of Finances of the City of Vienna, Dr. Breitner. Dr. Breitner has to his credit one of the most notable economic achievements of the post-armistice period. While Austria became bankrupt and mid-Europe was submerged in financial chaos he managed to keep Vienna solvent by imposing heavy taxes on the wealthy. He aggravated this affront by extending quasi-immunity from taxation to the laborers and fixed-salaried employees. Dr. Breitner is a Socialist, which is an added reason why Herr Zimmermann should consider his financial measures confiscatory and dangerous.

Austria's neighbor Hungary did not even need outside influence to let reaction enter through its gates. The emergency law which deprives the Parliament of its controlling power over the financial affairs of the country merely records a fact which had been consummated long before the passage of the bill. Hungary is both militarist and monarchist. However, as she has no army strong enough to attack her neighbors, she indulges in a verbal warfare against the world. An attempt at the solution of the question of monarchy would encounter acute difficulties in Hungary. Although Magyar reactionaries pay lip service to the monarchy and style their kingless country the Kingdom of Hungary, yet were they called upon to solve the problem of the throne they would be at a loss to do so. There are so many aspirants to Saint Stephen's crown, and their mutual hatred is so intense, that bloodshed would be inevitable if the solution of the problem were seriously attempted.

Liberal-minded Hungarians are wondering whether under the regime of Admiral Horthy their country has become the asylum of murderers. Some time ago the assassins of Matthias Erzberger, the German Catholic leader, were caught in Hungary. The German authorities submitted every evidence to show that the men apprehended had been guilty of the outrageous crime. Yet, the Hungarian Cabinet refused their extradition, declaring that they had committed a political murder. Shortly afterward the extradition of two other German murderers was sought by the Reich. Their victims were a governess and a waiter who had nothing to do with politics. Nevertheless the assassins pleaded that they had killed the couple for political reasons and the Hungarian authorities declined to extradite them.

While murderers are freed, while the "Awakening Hungarians" see their ranks strengthened through the formation of the "Acting Hungarians," a new terrorist organization, the highest Hungarian tribunal, confirms the confiscation of Count Karolyi's properties. The charge against him is not Bolshevism, which the Hungarian Government does not dare to use for home consumption knowing well the absurdity of such allegation, but "pro-Ally sentiments and criminal efforts to secure a separate peace."

Czecho-Slovakia, which started its career as an independent nation under auspicious circumstances, has lately heaped blunder upon blunder in its treatment of the nationalities. A group of Slovaks have declared that they consider the Czecho-Slovak state in its present composition as non-existent and that they are not willing to have their names used to designate a national state. They demand an autonomous parliament. The Government, however, has consistently refused to heed their remonstrances and assumed an attitude which is at least as reactionary as was the oppressive policy of the Hapsburgs.

Czecho-Slovakia's Eastern neighbor, Poland, is not a newcomer in the ranks of international Fascism. The history of her latest period of independence has been a continual repetition of reactionary practices. Suppression of the freedom of speech, provocation of international conflicts, oppression of the workers and the racial and religious minorities have been the main features of new Poland's political achievements. Recently, she obtained two substantial loans, one of which was of Italian and the other of American origin. How she spends the money, all the world knows. Of a total revenue of 1,100,000,000 francs in 1924 she spent 600,000,000 francs for her armed force. Yet, thanks to Western capital, Poland's budget is "balanced" and her currency is stabilized. But misery stalks in the land. The economic dictatorship has made things worse for the common people.

The picture of a Central Europe infested by Fascism does not become brighter if one turns to the Baltic states. Little Esthonia, with the prospect of a foreign loan in the near future, seems to be seized by a religious fervor to rid the world of the Communist plague. After putting down a Bolshevist uprising, it organized a reign of terror which is causing comment in Europe on account of its extraordinary cruelty. Almost simultaneously the present governing party of the Lithuanian Republic, the Catholic Democrats, adopted summary measures against all opposition and Liberal groups. In Finland, too, the traditional reaction holds sway, reinforced by an American loan.

From *l'Ere Nouvelle* (Paris)
Admiral Tirpitz

Fascism, whose roots are in the South of Europe, is now spreading all over the Central countries. To a certain extent it represents the price those countries have had to pay for their transformation from wretched beggary to at least an outward appearance of security and prosperity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jailing Workers in Poland

By HENRI BARBUSSE

MANY persons are unable to realize the tragedy of certain contemporary events. When they are shown the actions of a government whose other face is dignified and smiling, they shrug their shoulders and say: "That's impossible! Such things might have happened once, but not in our time." Public opinion has too generally let itself be taken in by big words and fine speeches, until it is incapable of seeing the truth in all its naked horror. Now we must very definitely recognize this fact: never have crime, cruelty, attempts upon life and liberty been so widespread as in our time, which is truly the hell of history.

I want now to make clear, in the light of irrefutable documents, documents no one has disputed, the abominable scheming—methodical, planned, official—to which one of the new countries of Europe, Poland, is being subjected by its present directors. These abominations are such that whole populations of cities and countrysides, whole classes of citizens, are on the point of being wiped out, after frightful agony.

The cause of it all is a "reason of state." The facts in question are the result of a plan called "national unification," or "social defense." Everyone knows that the former kingdom of Poland, several times in the past wiped out by the greed of powerful neighbors, was reconstituted at the close of 1914, in the form of a "republic." The new nation was created out of provinces that before the war were part of the Russian, Austro-Hungarian, and German empires. Thus Eastern Galicia, constituting, with other Ukrainian territories of Austria, the republic of West Ukrainia, was invaded by Poland, and the Ambassadors Conference of March 15, 1923, confirmed the occupation. Volhynia, Kholm, Podlachia, Polesia were given to Poland in 1921. These lands had once been part of ancient Poland. This was not the case with Lithuania, where, in 1920, the semblance of a plebiscite was held under the pressure of bayonets, with only Polish emigrants taking part. After this plebiscite the Conference of Ambassadors gave Poland Vilna and its Lithuanian land. Finally, the White Russian territory, which had been part of Russia before the war, constituted itself a republic in 1917; but this republic comprised but a small part of the White Russian land and people. The remainder, including about 4,000,000 inhabitants (in which the Polish element amounted to only 8 or 10 per cent) and 400 square miles, was subjected to Poland.

Now it was up to the Polish Government to assimilate and, as they said, to "Polonize" these different racial elements, as well as the Jewish element. This question the Government has settled in the most savage and barbarous fashion; by violence, torture, massacre. In the country multitudes have been thrown out of their homes, their lands turned over to "military colonists." This has happened in White Russia especially. Laws such as no other country has dared to put into force forbid all the new Polish subjects from showing in any way whatsoever, even by the use of their native tongue, their old geographical attachments. The Ukrainian language is forbidden. Not only is it forbidden to teach it in the schools, but to use it outside the schoolrooms. Besides, the number of schools has dwindled appallingly since the Polish occupation of the recently annexed regions. Mr. Szokowski, charged by the Government with an investigation of the school situation in the annexed provinces, tells us that at the moment of the Polish advance there were, on Ukrainian territory, 350 schools. "The Polish military authorities brutally proceeded to close all these schools. Most of the professors and instructors have been interned in concentration camps." Dr. Zagorsky, an officer of the ministry, writes: "In White Russia, of 400 schools that existed before the war, 360 are closed. Most of the instructors are at present in prison charged with White-Russian propaganda." At Kholm an entire conference of instructors was arrested at one swoop.

The nationalization of the new Poland includes also an implacable fight in the field of religion. All that is not Catholic is forbidden, then ferreted out and destroyed. Men and women are put in prison solely because they belong to the orthodox religion, because they follow some Methodist or Maryavist creed that developed and flourished under the czarist regime. The 500 orthodox churches have been taken over, to be turned into Catholic churches or to be closed. The orthodox ministers have been arrested, interned in their cloisters, or deported. Ten primary schools of the Methodist ministers at Warsaw and a large number of schools and orphan asylums through the countryside have been raided by the police and closed, and the orphans flung out into the streets.

It must already seem disconcerting to those who believe in the advance of progress in social and moral fields to see steps of this sort taken to join immense areas of living beings in a national whole. It is forbidden in Poland to have an opinion that is not in conformity with the Government's views. Of course, that opposition has suppressed the Communist Party and the Social-Democratic Party. But it is also stifling every sort of popular protest, even in the restricted and universally tolerated field of professional protection. The Polish Government is aiming at the destruction of all organizations that permit the workers to demand justice and to oppose unfair exploitation. The most important unions, one after the other, have been forbidden. This outlawing is done in the most summary and brutal fashion: a tribunal of the district decides the matter secretly, after a secret discussion where the defense is not represented; then the police army raids the local quarters of the workers, drives out and imprisons those whom it finds, confiscates all the records, and seals the doors. In this way, in five years, in the city of Warsaw alone, two-thirds of the unions have been suppressed. The Jewish group has been hit harder still. And no new authorization for forming a union is issued except for Catholic groups.

At Warsaw, in Upper Silesia, in the Dombrova basin, in all the corners of Poland the prisons are choked with workers who have committed no crime save that of union activity, and who are turned over to the law in accordance with Article 365 of the czarist penal code, on "economic struggle." When the railway workers went on strike in February, 1921, and in November, 1923, they were im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prisoned in mass and brought before the court martial established to handle cases of banditry. Last year all the union leaders suspected merely of "liberal opinions" were imprisoned on the eve of May Day. Furthermore, during the general strike of November, 1923, 11 workers were killed at Cracow, 2 at Tarnov, and 2 at Borislav, and countless others were wounded. In February, 1924, workers gathered outside of the Kindler factory, then closed, to request the payment of the sums set aside for the unemployed. The police fired: 25 wounded. In April, 1924, workers without food, in the Piaski mine, asked an advance on their salary. The police fired: 3 dead, 37 wounded. On May 25 the Kowel court condemned four peasants, one seventeen years old, to several years' hard labor because they had organized the workers' festival. On May Day, the police of Warsaw hurled themselves upon a peaceful parade of workers. Over a hundred were seriously wounded and several hundred were taken into custody.

Of course the freedom of the press is completely wiped out. In the five years of Polish domination of White Russia forty-eight journals or reviews were suspended (only one continues; the police seize it regularly). And woe to him who is seen reading a paper that is in disrepute! Woe to whoever is the victim of any kind of denunciation, even anonymous: prison!

But what remains to be said is still more frightful and repugnant: the manner in which the police and the jailers act toward their captives. It is impossible to list the tortures which these unfortunate wretches endure. The inquisitors have the right to beat the accused to make them "confess" their crimes. In the detention camps and the prisons horrible scenes occur: the victims are kicked, are beaten with bars of iron. They are knocked against the wall until they are half dead, and their faces are no more than great formless wounds; their feet are burned; they are stripped, their heads covered with a sack, then they are laid down, a plank put across their back, and heavy crow-bar blows rain on it. Ice water is thrown on their bodies in midwinter. They faint; the punishment ceases till they recover, so it can recommence. This comment of a police guard to a prisoner has been passed down: "Come, confess, brute. Five years in prison will harm you less than what we're going to do to you."

These are not isolated facts, but the treatment awaiting all those who are arrested on the ground of anti-nationalism or of workers' solidarity. It is the treatment given on the spot, or in the police stations, by the bands that sweep through peaceful villages or through disarmed, unoffending crowds. Mortality among the prisoners is frightful. And there are at present, in Polish prisons, living still after the poor treatment and the torture, 4,000 irredentists, 10,000 White Russians, and 3,000 workers.

It is useless to dwell upon the condition of the prisons, where they stack the prisoners in heaps with tortured sufferers (for sick prisoners are not tended), and where they are given foul food in containers in which they later ease themselves.

It is by these means—and, submerged as I am in documents, it is almost haphazard and with many gasps that I quote facts and figures—it is by these means that the Polish Government tries forcibly to bring about a definite union of all its citizens under its new flag, and also to solve its social problems.

The Polish Deputy Wojtik, in his revelations and denunciation of the "furious reaction" and "orgy of persecution" unleashed against the peasants, concludes:

> And this is but an incomplete picture of the hell in the frontier provinces. Our relations with them are a hundred times more barbarous, more eager for extermination, than those of the Czarist Government ever were. Poland is a prison for the national minorities, and if the hopes of the Polish Government are realized, it will soon be the cemetery of the Ukrainians and the White Russians.

Let us add: "It will soon be the cemetery of all those who defend the cause of labor."

You may ask: "Aren't these facts exaggerated; what proof is there that they are true? How is it that the European public knows nothing about this?"

Well, the situation has been made the subject of an inquiry, at the close of which a committee was organized in France, last May, to protest against these conditions; a committee composed of M. Herriot, M. Painlevé, high officials of the League of the Rights of Man, and others. At that moment there was in French political circles a great wave of liberalism, because of the elections. Since then the political agreements that have linked France closely to Poland—which is now looked upon by France as her Eastern warrior and bountifully aided and subsidized for that purpose—have interfered with the committee. The official heads in Poland have exploded in virtuous denial which has satisfied the conscience of the protestors, and, instead of faithfully seeking the facts, they have deemed it more advisable to clear away the accusation. Many members of the committee have withdrawn their support.

Unfortunately for them, a monument of irrefutable facts have been brought to light. All the declarations that I have made here are but a small part of the text of a motion brought into the Polish Chamber by the Populist Liberation Party after an investigation on the spot. The author of these accusations, therefore, is an entire party, which has put its facts into a body of writing that no one so far has ventured to contradict, except by vague and vain protests.

Contributors to This Issue

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER is Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*.

MAX JORDAN is American correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

HENRI BARBUSSE is a leader of the Clarté movement and author of "Under Fire."

EMIL LENGYEL is a frequent contributor to *The Nation* on European subjects.

J. A. H. HOPKINS is chairman of the Committee of 48 and a leader in the third party movement.

HEINRICH KANNER is the former editor of the Vienna *Zeit*.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is professor of economics at Wellesley and former managing editor of *The Nation*.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON is well known as a writer on Italian literature and politics.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL teaches politics at Harvard.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New German Ambassador

By MAX JORDAN

PROFESSIONAL diplomacy has fared badly in the eyes of the world in recent years. Its complete failure in the critical days of 1914, its helplessness during the war, and its awkward inertia after the conclusion of peace, when it became necessary to find a way through a completely changed set of circumstances, gave ample occasion to the politicians of all countries to pronounce one sentence of banishment after another. In Germany during the years following the war this sport was especially popular, and it frequently happened that condemnation went too far. It was of course an easy matter to pick a new scapegoat whenever the occasion offered, instead of developing a better understanding of the common guilt that rested upon all the European peoples. The diplomats were compelled, whether they liked it or not, to permit themselves to be used as targets and they chose, under the circumstances, to sit tight.

In the meantime outsiders flung themselves into the hitherto hallowed circle of diplomatic activity. Every dilettante politician believed he could dig up from within himself a talent for diplomacy. In this way it came about that even in the days immediately following the revolution the demand was voiced, with a violence worthy of Jacobins: "Out with the diplomats! In with the practical business men!" Count Brockdorff-Rantzau was perhaps the only man among the leaders of German diplomacy during the war who was able to maintain his position. He first distinguished himself by his refusal to sign the acceptance of the peace conditions dictated by the Entente Powers to the German delegation, and today he occupies the post of German ambassador at Moscow. All the rest of the German diplomats of the war and pre-war period fell victims to the merciless parliamentary ax.

It was, of course, not altogether easy to find the right "practical business men" to take the place of the secretaries of state, ambassadors, and ministers who had been condemned to outer darkness. But after several months had elapsed occupants were found for the more important foreign posts, and the technical diplomats were permitted merely to play second fiddle. It is impossible for us to discuss here to what extent the new method proved its value. However that may be, Berlin has since completely turned away from it. With the exception of London (and there, too, the German Embassy is soon to have a professional diplomat at its head) all the important posts representing Germany in foreign countries are again in the hands of men who have grown up in the foreign diplomatic service.

It is particularly deserving of notice that the German Government has now selected Baron Ago von Maltzan to take the place of Mr. Wiedfeldt, the first ambassador to America chosen after the conclusion of peace. The most important of Germany's foreign diplomatic posts thus falls into the hands of a diplomat by profession This seems to dispose finally of the attack inaugurated in the revolutionary era. In the choice of Maltzan is plainly expressed the intention of the present German Government to have in Washington a man intimately acquainted with the course of foreign politics in recent years as well as with the technical details of diplomatic work. Maltzan is such a man. He is the son of the proprietor of a feudal estate in Mecklenburg. He studied law, and at an early age began to prepare himself for a diplomatic career. He had gained experience before the war in Rio de Janeiro, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, and finally Peking. Throughout he showed himself a man of clear vision, adaptability, a capacity for quick comprehension, and a vast appetite for work.

He has had an exceedingly successful career. When the armistice was concluded in 1919 he was a young secretary of legation at the Hague; after which he was appointed a special adviser for Russia in the Foreign Office. A year later, as ministerial director of the Department of the East, he exercised a decisive influence at the conclusion of the Rapallo Treaty between Germany and Russia. In Berlin he soon was recognized as an outstanding figure. He was made Secretary of State on the retirement of his predecessor, von Haniel, and in this position has done remarkably successful work for more than two years. He has kept himself clear of one-sided tendencies in foreign politics. He has won friends everywhere by his frank manner, his energy, and his impartiality.

The task awaiting Maltzan in Washington is not an easy one. A certain restraint, readily understood, is still exercised in official American circles in contact with German representatives. Maltzan, however, will beget confidence; Germany has sent to America one of its ablest men.

Medusa

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

I write my sonnets for you, well aware
That I am less than the sullen drum of bees
To you; and that you care for none of these;
And that it is unlikely you will care:
For still I love you; and the brow you bear
Is pale as death; and you redeem your fees
In dust and vapor and purple obsequies;
And still I love the hissing in your hair.

You are the swift Medusa eying stone;
And it is my grim destiny to know
You bitterly beautiful and yet forego
The cold moon of your flesh, your fluent bone:
So I shall always stare at you and turn
To stone for ever—and for ever burn!

Enoch

By HAROLD VINAL

When Enoch's wife died, he was like to die;
He wrung his hands and made a dreadful fuss.
We neighbors came to keep his spirits high;
He would not talk or even look at us,
But sat in ashes on the floor and wept.
He ate of nothing that was brought to him,
But beat his head against the wall and slept
From sheer exhaustion. It was all a whim.

Always a sound of lamentation rose;
He fasted till his body was a sight;
He read his Bible by the lamp at night—
Squinting his poor eyes till the blue dawn rose—
Of Enoch who with mighty goodness waited
Upon the Lord and thereby was translated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Friend McCormick

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

MANY, many years ago I was working in my little office in the plant of the Chicago *Tribune* when a young man of about my own age entered and abruptly said "I'm McCormick." I was so ignorant about the paper for which I was working that I equally abruptly replied "What's that?"

It was my first sight of the lad whom, even after he became middle-aged, everybody, including the newest of acquaintances, wanted to call "Medill."

He was often, however, so abstracted, so distraught with thought, that people would think him uppish, offish. He oddly was both aloof and intimate, withdrawn and friendly, impersonal and personal, negative toward human relations and positive toward human relations, alternatingly.

People could be annoyed by his suddenly leaving the room, as if they were not there, without farewell; and in the midst of their annoyance they could love him.

The corresponding political truth about him is that while he liked and loved people, his personal feelings about them had no influence upon his politics or policies. He had lived in his boyhood much abroad. He had gone to school abroad. He had been given the sort of upbringing which changes many Americans into hybrid Europeans. He remained always irreconcilably an American.

He could know foreigners intimately and affectionately and then impersonally denounce their countries on the floor of the Senate.

He could spend the lunch hour with bankers in New York and get on a boat for Europe in the afternoon, leaving behind him an interview denouncing all Wall Street for its supposed views on foreign affairs.

Unlike many other Senators, he knew the people in the forces which he assailed as well as the people in the forces which he defended and helped to lead.

Soundly educated, highly mentally disciplined, widely read, amazingly widely acquainted, he was second to no man in Washington for experience drawn from books and from people. If ever a man was effectively equipped for the life of statesmanship it was McCormick.

Just one star—or, rather, just forty-eight stars—guided his statesmanship. They were the ones in the corner of the American flag.

If he thought the Haitians likely to cause trouble for the United States with European Powers unless they were washed and scrubbed, McCormick was for having the Marine Corps wash and scrub them whether they liked it or not.

McCormick was deficient in enthusiasm for abstract rights, such as the right of self-government and the right of free speech. He did not come of the English strain which, along with producing an empire, has produced so many champions of liberalism. He came of the Scotch-Irish strain, severer, sterner, less disposed toward bills of rights, more bent upon the exercise of their own righteous wills.

McCormick was continuously excited about just two things. One was the conduct of the daily administration of the government. The other was the conduct of our foreign affairs.

Out of that first enthusiasm of his—the enthusiasm for administration—came the work which made him the legislative father of the Bureau of the Budget. The establishment of that bureau was really the most far-reaching administrative change ever made in Washington. It can be said for McCormick that he was the outstanding force in the legislation which gave our government in his day its most drastic historic internal reform.

It can also be said for McCormick that he was at least one of the outstanding forces in the greatest international decision in his day, or in any day, of American history.

McCormick's part in securing the Senatorial rejection of the Treaty of Versailles and of the Covenant of the League of Nations was never adequately recognized because it lay so little, relatively, on the floor of the Senate and lay so much in Senators' offices.

I do not think I shall be unfair to the other thirteen Irreconcilables, who all by themselves started out to sweep back—and did sweep back—the American tidal wave toward American membership in the League of Nations, if I say that Medill McCormick supremely among them was the organizer and driller of the inner circle of "the Battalion of Death" and the organizer of the appeal which "the Battalion of Death" subsequently addressed to the country.

He continuously made his drawing-room the scene of planning the next day's strategy against the League. He continuously was knocking on the door of Senator Lodge to bid him stand fast against some new "wile" of the "mild reservationists." He raised the dollars, he arranged the meetings, which took the "irreconcilable" contentions to the country's ears and at last to the country's mind and heart. I proudly think that in Medill McCormick I had a friend who, when I write the whole record of his doings about the League of Nations, will live in our history as long as American independence of Europe lives.

He all the while—for all the twenty-two years that I knew him—struggled every day against a body which could not serve him, which could not keep pace with his mind, which sagged behind him, which fell under him. His mind was always leaping. His body was always faltering. Every day for him was a whipping and a spurring of his body to carry his mind, his mind's weight, his mind's energy, his mind's ceaseless adventures. The mind would not stop. It wore out that body. It killed it.

When I had the door to his room taken down, and entered the room, and looked upon him in his bed, on Wednesday of last week, he was lying with all the bedclothes quietly and completely over him with no possible last passing spasm of torture evidenced in leg or foot or arm or hand. His soul had not wrenched itself from his body. His body simply, at a given instant, an hour or two before, had in unconscious utter final exhaustion withdrawn instantaneously and painlessly from his soul.

We may bury his body with at least this happiness: Medill was through with it. He had used it up. There was nothing it could do for him any more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Driftway

THE other Sunday the Drifter descended upon some old "friends of the family" for a brief visit. These friends have been known to shake their heads at the Drifter's habits—but they live in beautiful country! It was a very rainy day—several deprecating remarks had been made about the "awful weather"—so when the Drifter and a congenial companion struck out for the woods near by they slipped away unostentatiously, though they didn't admit this to each other. They both pretended they were not doing anything extraordinary until they came on a small boy wading luxuriously in a clean and lively gutter stream. He had his father's rubbers on, so the Drifter knew that his parent was sensibly indoors. This made the situation rather acute. The Drifter looked furtively at his companion and said, "Only small boys and fools and poets come out on a day like this unless they have to." They both felt better after that—especially when the small boy looked at them with a confiding unfearful equality in his eyes—the rare look children give you when you're "in the secret."

* * * * *

HOUSES were passed sometimes, and suspicious movements of curtains implied disapproving remarks about foolish people who went walking in the rain. Some wet hens in a coop were complaining volubly because they could not get the door shut, and at the approach of the strollers the excitement increased to an uproar. In one front yard two silly ducks with flat yellow bills held stiffly on very ample bosoms stood stock still—as if they thought they escaped the rain that way. One of them, though he pretended indifference, was caught looking with amazement at the two wanderers, who suspected he was making some such remark as "The idea! to *walk* in the rain!" The woods were lovely with a wistful lonely loveliness that lent strangeness to the familiar landscape. The colorless rain deepened every color, and lines that are hidden by the sun came out in sharp relief against a background of gray mist. Uncommunicative rocks looked somehow softened and tolerant in the rain. The sumac boughs, rain-blackened, took on a tropical richness, as if they might yield rosy wine from their deep red, exuberant clusters of seeds. Old apple trees glistened in a lovely Quaker gray. Even the deep ruts in a country road, now water-filled, became the beautiful, flowing lines of an unsuspected design.

* * * * *

A FEW hours later, wet to the skin and happy as if they had stolen jam and got away with it, the Drifter and his friend sneaked into the house. But they had been missed. The greeting of derision and near-contempt they received was no worse than they had expected, and there was no use arguing. The two culprits merely looked at each other helplessly. But when the accuser withdrew, triumphant, the Drifter's friend burst out, "There, you see how people cut themselves off from half their world—how there's an 'east' and a 'west'—a 'good' and a 'bad'—a 'beautiful' and an 'ugly' "— "Oh, yes," the Drifter cut in, "but the fact remains that sensible people know enough to come in out of the rain. It's much simpler. And they know also, as well as you do, that only small boys (the less obedient ones) and fools and poets go out on a day like this unless they have to."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Artemus Ward

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why do you permit ignorant opinions to take the place of knowledge in so many of your book reviews? I am stirred to this remonstrative inquiry by the following assertion in W. E. Woodward's remarks concerning Artemus Ward: "The prevailing custom of the day was to poke fun at refinement, culture, and the graceful arts. . . . Artemus Ward fitted in admirably with this impulse, and perhaps his popularity with our grandfathers was due chiefly to that. He makes fun of dress suits, poetry, feminine adornments, and polite attainments generally."

Now, Artemus does none of these things. Mr. Woodward proceeds to call him a "faded joker." No American humorist of this day is as much quoted as A. W.

Was the age in which Artemus wrote what Mr. Woodward calls it? Was it not the heyday of Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Irving, Whittier, Dickens, and Thackeray? Do we duplicate these gentlemen today in authorship or in the kind of readers they attract? To contrast the humor of that period with the crass columnists and a "cowboy" interspersed among naked women in a "folly show" makes one wonder as to the state of the reviewer's mentality.

New York, February 5 DON C. SEITZ

A Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I congratulate you on your latest issue, in which you have taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Russian politicals whose persecution has been so deeply deplored by all well-wishers of the proletarian revolution. At the same time I wish to register a protest against what I consider your meager and insufficient quotations from material on political persecution in Russia submitted to you by the International Committee on Political Prisoners. This organization submitted to you some sixty-five documents containing about one hundred and fifty typed pages, documents for the most part written by the politicals themselves. Of all this material you have given us only some limited citations from two documents, citations covering only a corner of the subject, the massacre in Solovetsky Camp, of December, 1923, and complaints by "recognized" politicals concerning curtailment of privileges, lack of medical care, bad food, etc.

In view of the fact that both Dr. Ward's and Mr. Fischer's articles, printed by you, showed a certain tendency to extenuate the Soviet Government for its political persecutions, would it not have been fairer to have given the victims of persecution a chance to be heard at greater length out of these documents, on their own behalf? Even in the two documents used by you occur passages which should also have been quoted, passages describing the terrible maltreatment of individuals claiming the status of politicals but not recognized as such by the Government. There were, it is alleged, many such persons in the Solovetsky Camp—women, students, peasants, and Kronstadt sailors—all treated as common criminals. And how terrible the lot of the common criminal in Solovetsky Camp can be learned by the descriptions in the two aforementioned documents and in others of the documents.

Why were not some of these passages printed by you? And why did you not quote from the documents containing descriptions of the sufferings of politicals in various Russian prisons, their hunger strikes and suicides of protest, such as that of young Morosov last fall in a Moscow prison? And why did you not quote from the letters of the "administrative" exiles?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My second complaint concerns Fischer's misstatement in his article to the effect that Emma Goldman and Berkman "went on a special train to make propaganda for Bolshevism in the Ukraine" in 1920, and the impression he gives that they actively supported the Soviet Government at that time. I saw much of Miss Goldman and Berkman in Russia, and, in fact, accompanied them on the trip to the Ukraine referred to. This was not a propaganda trip, but a mission of the Petrograd Museum of the Revolution, a nonpartisan organization, to collect historical material. Berkman was a member of the mission. Miss Goldman merely went along as an observer. I can testify that both at that time were bitterly opposed to the political persecutions and refused to give any support to the Bolsheviks. Their published utterances since leaving Russia amply substantiate my statements.

New York, February 25 HENRY G. ALSBERG

[Obviously *The Nation* could not print 150 pages of typed documents. It selected for publication the most definite account of the most abusive circumstances. Mr. Fischer apparently misinterpreted Miss Goldman's mission when traveling in the Ukraine—as she states in her book—as an official of the Museum of the Revolution (which is a government institution), but *The Nation* has absolute confidence in the impartial attitude of Dr. Ward and Mr. Fischer.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Superfluous Government Employees

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: President Coolidge said last night, in his economy talk to chief federal spenders and to his invisible radio audience: "We have superfluous employees. It is an unpleasant and difficult task to separate people from the federal service. But it can be done. It will be done." Yet not one syllable did he utter about the only federal officer whose business and statutory duty it is, without fear or favor, to tell where superfluous employees should be separated from the federal pay roll.

Each year since 1921 our Presidents and budget directors have met with these spenders of over two billion dollars a year on operation alone to urge economy. Not once has one of them recognized that the administration's non-partisan budget and accounting act of 1921 provided an official "separator" in the form of an officer charged with learning and telling the truth about superfluous employees on federal pay rolls.

Never once has a President or a budget director mentioned this officer, who has a fifteen-year term protected by law from removal if perchance he should speak with unpleasant frankness and definiteness about superfluous employees.

That officer is the U. S. Comptroller General. His name is J. R. McCarl. He has never yet really entered upon the chief duties and powers given him in the same law that created a budget director and afforded General Dawes a national and international platform for developing the prestige which later functioned through the Dawes Plan.

New York, January 27 WM. H. ALLEN

In Appreciation of Mr. Krutch

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read Mr. Krutch's article on "The Little Clay Cart," and I cannot refrain from writing to thank him for it. Such a deep insight into the nature of the drama and art in general one meets so seldom. He wrote so simply of this play and the way it was interpreted, and yet everything he said had a universal scope and touched all of art and all periods. I cannot tell you how much delight what he wrote gave me. All I can offer you is my thanks.

Philadelphia, December 30 LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

Unusual Price Reductions

on Our Stock of

GERMAN BOOKS

During Our Removal Sale

BRENTANO'S
Fifth Avenue and 27th Street
New York

The Inspiring Story of a Great Leader in Labor's Cause

Seventy Years of Life and Labor

By SAMUEL GOMPERS

whose spirit is permanently a part of the world's constructive ideals and forces for human welfare.

In two illustrated volumes, $10.00.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

A Half Hour Well-Spent

Time is too limited for many of us to admit of keeping abreast of all vital actions and reactions of a big world.

But the busy reader can get the gist of affairs and the real facts of what is going on in the world by reading

The Manchester Guardian
WEEKLY

This is specially edited to give the reader each week a comprehensive view of the world's salient happenings without distortion or suppression of facts.

The news columns of The Manchester Guardian Weekly are uncolored by propaganda; its editorial opinion is always unbiased; its reviews of current literature, music, and the drama are always illuminating.

In more than sixty countries, readers find that given a half hour each week The Manchester Guardian Weekly keeps their knowledge of the world's affairs in repair and enables them to maintain an intelligent outlook on all vital matters.

.....MAIL COUPON BELOW.....

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY,
224 West 42nd Street
New York City.

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England, commencing with the current issue.

Name .....

Address .....

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Plays

Dialogue

(*Honorable Mention in* The Nation *Poetry Contest*)

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

"You shall put on corruption like a dress,"
The Spirit, scornful of the Body, said,
And smiled its lipless smile. "When once you bed
With the last lover of all men's mistresses,
Then you shall blot your nightgown's finest thread—
Yourself will crawl from your fastidiousness.

"These eyes wherewith you look upon dark sheaves
Whetted by evening gold—these eyes will break;
Of this tongue death will eat, and it will take
The subtle wrist, this brow that frowns and grieves,
And your tranced mother and your child will quake
To touch the shameful, vacant thing it leaves."

The Body listened to its tenant, sighed,
But nothing said, until, taking the glass,
It asked, "And when this that I am shall pass,
Where will you stay to see me crucified?
Will you share that blind cold below the grass?"
And shook, to hear the cry the Spirit cried.

First Glance

THE most rousing volume of verse I have seen in a long time comes, it appears, from California. I am told that "Tamar and Other Poems," by Robinson Jeffers (New York: Peter G. Boyle), attracted no attention whatever when it was published here last summer. I did not see it then, and I am able to understand how those who did cast a glance at it failed to get very far. For the paper is coarse and the type is so small as to be painful. Yet the neglect of the book is decidedly to the discredit of New York criticism, as the necessity of its being printed at the author's expense is a disgrace to American publishing. Few recent volumes of any sort have struck me with such force as this one has; few are as rich with the beauty and strength which belong to genius alone.

The imagination of Mr. Jeffers seems to have ripened between the mountains and the sea, but its fruit is no common thing; it hangs on no simple tree. In the shadow of hard ranges and within the hearing of deep waters it has blackened like time itself, and the juices under the rind remember the sap that ran through the first roots of the world. But Mr. Jeffers says this better himself in the long, free lines of a lyric with which he closes his volume:

At the equinox when the earth was veiled in a late rain, wreathed with wet poppies, waiting spring,
The ocean swelled for a far storm and beat its boundary, the ground-swell shook the beds of granite.

I gazing at the boundaries of granite and spray, the established sea-marks, felt behind me
Mountain and plain, the immense breadth of the continent, before me the mass and doubled stretch of water. . . .

The long migrations meet across you and it is nothing to you, you have forgotten us, mother.
You were much younger when we crawled out of the womb and lay in the sun's eye on the tide line. . . .

The tides are in our veins, we still mirror the stars, life is your child, but there is in me
Older and harder than life and more impartial, the eye that watched before there was an ocean. . . .

Mother, though my song's measure is like your surf-beat's ancient rhythm I never learned it of you.
Before there was any water there were tides of fire, both our tones flow from the older fountain.

There are a dozen short poems in the book which go like that, but two long narrative pieces are its real contribution. I must skip The Coast-Range Christ, though it too is worth talking about, and come directly to the title-poem, Tamar, which seems to me to point a new path for narrative verse in America. The rhythms, for one thing, are variable and free; now crabbed and nervous, now copious and sweeping, they get their story told as few are told—with style. And their story, though it is anything on earth but pleasant, was magnificently worth telling. Tamar, the heroine, begins by being like the Tamar who figures in the thirteenth chapter of II Samuel, but she develops in an ampler strain. It is obvious that Mr. Jeffers's inspiration has been Greek rather than Hebrew; the House of Cauldwell is the House of Atreus, and the deeds done there are such as have rarely been attempted in song since Aeschylus petrified an audience with his Clytemnestra and his Furies. Tamar Cauldwell takes three lovers, two of them incestuous; and the tale ends with her burning the hateful house with all of them in it—not to speak of the Cassandra of the piece, old idiot Jinny, who is

. . . the bloodhound
To bay at the smell of what they're doing in there.

This sounds horrible, and so it is. Doubtless it is too horrible. But it is never ridiculous, and I must confess that I am both pleased and impressed by a poet these days who plunges into thunder—provided he can write with haunting power.

MARK VAN DOREN

Out of British Windows

The Windows of Westminster. By a Gentleman with a Duster. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

British Labour Speaks. Edited by Richard W. Hogue. Boni and Liveright. $2.

IT makes a difference out of what windows one looks at the British landscape. The indefatigable Gentleman with a Duster peers through Conservative blue panes at Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, "the undoubted herald of a Communist army, which intends to destroy the present basis of society, and much more thoroughly than Lenin succeeded in doing, to do away with capital and private enterprise, and to make of the British Empire a number of self-determined Soviet Republics"—which is the Gentleman's way of saying that the Labor men are anti-imperialists. (It is to be hoped that they are.) He sees that "the English Conservative is opposing himself to the moderate and plausible Labor Government because he knows that the ultimate object of this Government is to put genius into chains, to enthrone mediocrity, and to substitute for personal liberty, free discussion, and parliamentary institutions the despotic dictatorship of a few determined pedants"—which again is too bad, but apparently cannot be helped, unless the Conservatives get busy at once.

Mr. Hogue looks at the self-same leaders, but as befits the executive secretary of the Church League for Industrial Democ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racy he sees no such horrendous spectacle. In fact, like the sensible man he is, he simply sits under a blooming hawthorn and lets them all sing their song to him—Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden and Margaret Bondfield, and many others beside, S. W. Pascall and Seebohm Rowntree, Bishop Gore, J. J. Mallon, Fred Bramley, Herbert Elvin, Leonard Woolf, J. L. Hammond, Marion Phillips and G. D. H. Cole. The men and women who gave the informal addresses that Mr. Hogue edits do not seem just like the advance guard of a communist army, though maybe they are; but they give one the impression of combining with widely different experiences and points of view a common endeavor to make England a good place to live in, and let glory go hang. Not that they necessarily lack historical feeling, but that they are busy with a big task.

Now the difference suggested by these two books seems to run down to the very roots of British society, and the faithful believer in the class war may derive much comfort from the conflict. Our friend with the duster has dressed up for us—I had almost said "dolled up"—portraits of the contemporary Conservative leaders, from Stanley Baldwin down, and has done it *con amore*. Notwithstanding the somewhat goo-y praise in which the book abounds, the reader can scarcely avoid sharing the author's respect and affection for these sturdy, upstanding Englishmen—young or middle-aged men nearly all—who are at one in their opposition to socialism and their desire "to maintain our ancient institutions, to preserve and develop our incomparable empire, and to improve the physical and intellectual conditions of our heroic people."

The British Conservatives of today, then, are not hard-boiled reactionaries and hard-drinking squires, but often enthusiastic social reformers. At bottom, however, they are wholehearted imperialists. They believe in the ancient institutions (essentially the present system of private property) and the basic superiority of the English race. Eager though they may be to improve the lot of the poor as opportunity offers, their real enthusiasm is yet for continuing on the old paths that have led in the past to British dominance and glory—and to Armageddon. They feel that it is a sacred duty for England, with the United States now as a sort of junior partner, to rule a disorderly and rather inferior world for its own good. Who does not share that feeling is a dangerous character.

Such are the Labor upstarts. Neglectful of ancient institutions and heroic people, they persist in thinking and talking about houses and schools and taxes and unemployment. Here is Ramsay MacDonald declaring in Mr. Hogue's book that "the moment you educate a workingman you spoil both a manual and a brain worker, unless his mind is allowed to function in his industry. The question of control in industry is therefore the main issue." And Seebohm Rowntree shamelessly asserts that industrial peace cannot be purchased except at the price of wages, hours, economic security for the worker, a right status in industry, and participation in the product. What has all this to do with empire and glory and history? And what can a distracted Gentleman do with a Duster except to wave it about and inquire hopelessly: "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his soul alive?" What indeed? As Herbert Elvin tersely remarks: "From their point of view we have undoubtedly a terrible program."

And now Labor is out and Stanley Baldwin is in. Birkenhead is in India, and Egypt is learning what it is to be independent in a world dominated by the British raj. But in the tight little island itself a fierce struggle is waging. There as elsewhere the newer democratic forces are making themselves felt, but they are meeting worthy opposition. Your British gentleman may be trusted to fight gallantly for his privileges, and to do the utmost possible to show himself worthy of them. His imperialism has carried British law around the world, and in our day, in conflict with other imperialisms, has wrecked the world. Will Britain's blundering, half-educated democracy do any better? When its inevitable day of triumph comes, will it be wise enough to forsake the blood-stained path of glory and dominion? Who can say? At least the words of some of its present leaders give ground for hope, let the Conservatives wring their hands as they may. In the thoughtful language of J. L. Hammond, "It is too early to say yet what the English workman will do, or what English society is going to be. You have got to have some spiritual regeneration of your basis of industry. . . . The relation of class to class, of nation to nation, all of which has been built up by custom, has now gone; and the business of the student and the philosopher is to do what they can to find some new basis upon which man can create an industrial society which will not represent this hopeless compromise between the desire of profit and the dread of famine, but will somehow win the respect of self-respecting men."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

An Impatient Prophet

Four Years of Fascism. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated from the Italian by E. W. Dickes. London: P. S. King, Ltd.

AMONG the numerous contemporary European experiments in revolution Fascism has enjoyed by far the best presentation to the American public. As a movement if not of the Right at least toward the Right it has met none of the obstacles to sympathetic interpretation that Bolshevism, for instance, encountered among us. At the same time its syndicalistic ancestry, coupled with its violation of our democratic myth, has opened it to objective analysis even in conservative newspapers and magazines. To the varied and fairly dispassionate discussion that Fascism has provoked in America our present public interest in many strange and fundamental questions of politics is, I suspect, to be attributed—the democracy-liberty debate among others. And yet, though Fascism has been studied from nearly every conceivable angle, there are still new and important things to say about it.

New, to me at least, is Mr. Ferrero's conception of the role the Italian Popular Party might have played in checking the rise of Fascism, and his conception of the destinies still reserved, perhaps, for this Catholic organization. In Mr. Ferrero's judgment Don Sturzo's party contained that very nucleus of support for the state's authority which the successive premiers of 1919-1922 went vainly seeking in the most surprising places. It was natural for liberals to be wary of the confessional element in the new party; and men of the Right had every reason to suspect what was patently a cyclone-cellar dug for Benedict XV against a possible triumph of Italian Bolshevism. Certainly neither Nitti, nor Giolitti, nor even Don Sturzo, nor Italian political theorists in general, had a perception clear enough, and early enough, of the potentialities of this new tool of politics so cannily forged by the Catholics during the war and so suddenly produced in January, 1919. To review the rise of Fascism in the light of the many alternative moves that might have been made on a basis of government consolidation around Catholicism (as actually happened in Rumania and Hungary) is not the most practical of retrospections; but it is certainly a suggestive one.

Not wholly new is Mr. Ferrero's analysis of Giolitti and Giolittianism; the historian of the decline of Rome has developed these same views in many articles written during the last ten years. But he has never been more brilliant and forceful than he is in this volume, which is worth reading for this analysis alone. For Mr. Ferrero, Giolitti is the best representative in Europe of the post-Metternichian school of politics which saw that the revolutionary spirit is a precious asset of conservatism and counter-revolution and which brought to high perfection a technique for realizing this paradoxical result.

I must signalize also Mr. Ferrero's "Nineteenth Century," which recurs in this volume to help fill out the best historical background for the understanding of Fascism that I have seen. It is a clear and schematic view of modern history, with, I suppose, the defects and overshadings of all structures that are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clear and schematic; but it brings into relief certain fundamentals of Europe which the American mind particularly finds it difficult to grasp. The practice of "dictatorial parliamentarism" is something quite different from the practice of "constitutional" or "democratic" parliamentarism. And the rules of the game must be mastered, even by a Mr. Walter Lippmann, before one's Europe begins to be at all sound.

Mr. Ferrero, however, seems to lack the courage to make his system wholly coherent. Why, for example, does he still persist in taking political parties at their words? At best a political party is a mechanism invented by the pluto-democratic system of government for legitimizing power. It is, in plain English, a machine for producing votes. Once you have the votes you do what you please—which, in the end, is what you can. Such words as liberalism, conservatism, socialism, communism describe the processes by which the approval of certain masses of people is gained for this or that oligarchical rule. To assume that the triumph of one or the other means any radical change in the courses of policy is to be guilty of a political naivete which may be wholly creditable in an honest man but which works havoc with the historian.

This is Mr. Ferrero's fourth book since the war. It has the same tone of querulous pessimism which has earned its author such epithets as the "Jeremiah of Reconstruction" or the "Cassandra of Western Civilization." "I repeat to my fellow-citizens that the country is in extreme peril." "The exchequer is empty and finances are in danger." "Half of Europe is in revolution and half of Asia in revolt." "The hour is approaching on the dial of history." "My fears have been justified only too well by the facts." "Europe will be ruined and in a few years moribund." Mr. Ferrero lives in his villa in Florence much as an old Venetian admiral sleeps in his tomb, *horrorem tubae expectans.*

It must be said in Mr. Ferrero's defense that this Every-Day Adventism on his part is due, not as some critics have asserted, to age, or prosperity, or fogyism, but to an author's legitimate pride in seeing his theories of life come true. Mr. Ferrero is a specialist in social decadences. He knows that what looks like progress to one generation may look like decline and ruin to later ones. He finds it very exciting to live in an "age of progress" and realize all the time that it is progressing to the dogs.

Mr. Ferrero's proof is ingenious, and for the understanding of his book it is important. Truly progressive ages, says he, multiply and upbuild the limits and restraints that confine individual appetites—they are qualitative civilizations. Decadent ages (quantitative civilizations) break such limits down. Now the nineteenth century initiated a quantitative civilization and the modern age has done nothing but destroy one prop of authority and restraint after another. Therefore we are in full decadence; and Mr. Ferrero secretly hopes to see the day when all his dire prophecies shall be fulfilled. The World War was a first blast on the Angel's trumpet. Bolshevism in Russia was another. And now Fascism, with all its defects, has at least the merit of giving one last promise of the fatal crash.

Except that Mr. Ferrero has his remedy, of course, and his despair is not so despairing as it seems. His whole doctrine of "legitimacy" as applied to present-day Europe is nothing but an appeal for the substitution of the "will of the people" (democratic constitutionalism) for the dead myth, so long a fountain of legitimacy, of "divine right." And even when he damns Fascism as a violation of democracy—the last hope of the world—he makes haste to add that all the events of the past four years in Italy are but stages in the awakening of another people in Europe to political self-consciousness.

This petulance of an unheeded preceptor in politics is only a minor artistic motive in Mr. Ferrero's work. For me he remains one of the most stimulating writers in Italy; and all Americans will continue to applaud in him one of the sturdiest and most clear-headed believers in the religion of democracy.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Under Which Flag, Bezonian?

Memoirs of the Foreign Legion. By M. M., with an Introduction by D. H. Lawrence. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WHEN children who once believed in Santa Claus and Ouida's "Under Two Flags" grow up and read Bernard Shaw they fancy it the part of wisdom to discredit all mythology. They become bitter clear-eyed parents who refuse to put on fancy dress and a white beard at Christmas. They write severe letters to public libraries for letting children find "Alice in Wonderland" and "Tanglewood Tales" and "The Jungle Book" on the open shelves. They want Greek heroes and the Ring Legend explained on the best scientific principles. They are apt to be very implacable indeed about "Quo Vadis" and "The Aztec Treasure House" and "Under Two Flags."

No doubt they will accept M. M.'s "Memoirs" as the correct answer to Ouida. They will take it as fireside Spartan reading (if indeed a Spartan would not scorn a fireside) which will forever destroy the romantic myth of the foreign legion, that devoted band of outlawed heroes committed to penitential sacrifices and canteen girls giving their lives up in the purifying flame of love. Now it can be told, they will exclaim as they read the pages wherein the dulness and tedious cruelty of the foreign legion is recounted by a man himself enough of a gentleman to omit the more horrifying details.

In any such process of exposure the writer of the memoirs would have very little deliberate part. His motives for getting up so many pages will perhaps remain obscure and inexplicable. If we knew nothing about him we might dismiss the whole matter as the experience of an idealist enlisting in the legion for the very best Allied reasons and discovering his error among an unholy crew of incurable ruffians. If, however, we are to believe Mr. Lawrence's introduction we shall only grow more and more puzzled. No doubt M. M. spent a quite dreadful time in the Bel-Abbès cantonment with men so stripped of accepted principles of common humanity that M. M. himself (by no means a puritan) felt incapable of any kind of sympathy. The interminable leprous dulness of bad army life unrolls like a picture too horrible to be anything except a dream. It is a long list of oppression and cruelty, mismanagement and sordid furtive pleasure, contempt for the generous cultivated Arabs, the lowest ebb of French colonial greed. Cruelty becomes a routine practiced for its own sake. Petty military disobedience becomes the occasion for a vengeful sadism born in weariness and lust and loathing of life.

Even here the mystery remains a mystery. M. M. reveals nothing of his own secret. Did he really join the legion that he might aid the Allied cause? Why join the legion? Why does he tell us nothing of his own secret hopes and fears, his intimate ardors? Why does he give us none of those disclosures which spring like living truth from the pages of the most ingenuous biographers? His daily life parades before us with the fixed horrible stare of soldiers at march. M. M. never takes off his garb of a scrupulous gentility. It is not even necessary to drag in Ouida. You are by no means sure that M. M. lifts the veil that others may profit by the revealed mud and filth. M. M. was extremely clever, or else he simply had no power to create a living man. He writes with so thorough a contempt of the Germans, who largely made up the legion! He writes as if these outlaws were undeniable types of the whole German nation. He wastes himself in abuse. Yet we are assured by Mr. Lawrence that M. M. had royal German blood in his veins, and that although he was an American citizen he knew German as his native language. M. M. scorns the French for hustling the Arabs, and the Germans for being Germans. He says nothing of anything that he does not scorn except perhaps good manners and the ways of self-conscious gentlemen. What was M. M. really up to in the legion and in his life? He is insincere in the worst way of art, or else he simply has nothing to tell.

He must have had something to tell. In any case Mr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lawrence has something to tell in an introduction as vivid and fascinating as the best short story he ever wrote. One should read the "Memoirs" first and the introduction last. One might even suggest that the introduction deserves a separate publication. After the color and rhythm of Mr. Lawrence's prose M. M. has very little to offer in the way of art. M. M.'s other friends may in time come forward to protest that Mr. Lawrence's interpretation offers the wrong side of the mirror and that M. M. was not the little strutting pathetic borrowing popinjay, faded and genteel, displayed in picture after picture of an unforgettable reality. What, then, if we have only Mr. Lawrence's words for the character of the mysterious, absurd little parasite who borrowed and borrowed from the Lawrences, wrote Lawrence letter after letter asking for more money and more help, had Lawrence go on long stuffy journeys to a monastery where M. M. shivered in hiding on account of a bad check cashed in New York? After all, M. M. was not a martyr and a hero. He killed himself because he had abused the confidence of some Maltese gentleman and got himself into debts he could not pay. He may very well have been a spy. Yet he kept up his gentility, largely at the expense of anyone else. But he would not give in to the brutal force of life. For that much Mr. Lawrence rightly admires him. In ten years who will care? The fact remains that never has D. H. Lawrence written such pages of marvelous prose suffused with a light and color peculiarly his own. DONALD DOUGLAS

The Philippines Again

The United States and the Philippines. By D. R. Williams. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.

WHEN the November elections ended with a triumphal Republican victory the hope of the Filipinos for independence was crushed to the ground. If they read Mr. Williams's attack upon their aspirations their despondency is apt to increase. Of all the literature on the Philippine question—which, without disparagement to the late Dean Worcester and Mr. Williams, is quite barren—this book contains the finest collection of horrors-that-will-result-from-Philippine-independence that the reviewer has ever seen. Writing as a twenty years' resident of the Philippines and as a former member of the Philippine commission, Mr. Williams speaks with authority and with a point of view avowedly that of the American resident of the islands. He assures us that independence would "spell tragedy to the Filipino people." It would turn over the illiterate masses, who have, in his opinion, a sneaking respect for American rule, to the tender mercies of the mestizo politician. "The great body of the people have not now, nor would they have then, any more voice or actual participation in government than have the peons of Mexico or of Central America. Independence would simply mean that the protection and security now afforded by American authority, and the restraints which our presence exercises over rival political leaders, would be lifted, and every 'liberty' we have given and are seeking to give the people as a whole would go by the board." If America should withdraw from the islands they would be annexed by Japan; American influence in the Orient would come to an end; the Chinese would flood the country; Filipino trade with the United States would be shut off; the only Christian people in the Orient would be smothered by paganism. Finally, there is this constitutional broadside—the federal government has no power to cede territory! It was Dr. Johnson—was it not?—who said that patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels. Today may it not be said that the Constitution is the last refuge of lost causes? It is possible of course that Mr. Williams's dour predictions will come true. No doubt the Tories forecast even worse consequences of the American Revolution. Fortunately, however, the Old Man of History has a disconcerting—nay, impudent—way of thumbing his nose at the most intelligent prophets.

Most of the arguments used for the retention of the Philippines by the United States might with equal strength be used to support the American conquest of Europe. We may be the Efficient People. But we have yet to learn that efficiency is not the sole test of government. Under autocratic methods the United States governs the Philippines more "efficiently" than, under democratic methods, it governs itself at home. The Negritos, the Moros, the "wild peoples," the Taos, the *ilustrados*, and the *caciques* may not know what is good for them. But the whole history of imperialism shows that subject peoples are seldom satisfied merely with economic prosperity, especially when it redounds to the benefit of foreign capital. The movement for independence becomes most strong when subject countries become most prosperous. The more subject peoples are educated in Western methods and ideas the stronger becomes their demand to apply this knowledge to ruling themselves. This is the fundamental paradox of imperialism. If it is to succeed in its supposedly humanitarian purpose it must needs be transitory.

There are some things about the Philippines which Mr. Williams does not mention. He says nothing of the promises which this country has repeatedly made to the Filipinos in regard to their independence. He fails to point out that under the regime of the closed door which we have maintained in the islands American business men enjoy monopolistic privileges which independence would terminate. He does not seem to be aware that the present system of government, under which a Filipino legislature may perpetually deadlock an American executive, has been cast off wherever tried in the British and French colonial empires, and, for the same reasons, must eventually be cast off by the United States.

In reviewing the controversy between General Wood and the Filipino politicians Mr. Williams makes out a dark case against "Messrs. Quezón, Osmeña, *et als.*" Yet the bottom falls out of the argument when, on the last page of the book, he says that the American and Filipino peoples should devise some arrangement which would enable them to cooperate. "Whether such arrangement should be modeled after the present British commonwealths, or take other form, is a matter of detail offering no difficulties if approached in the proper spirit." After all, then, something is the matter! Perhaps, as he so blithely suggests, the remedy may be only a "detail." But in advocating Dominion status for the Filipinos he is going even further than did the liberal Fairfield bill last winter in admitting that the present system is defective and that the Filipinos should be given autonomy. To castigate your opponents and then to admit the essential validity of their argument is surely not a convincing method of attack. RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

Books in Brief

Economics for Helen. By Hilaire Belloc. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Plain Talks on Economics. By Fabian Franklin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

These two books are calculated to upset our common belief that the Britisher is a better popularizer than the American. Mr. Belloc's work has all the bad qualities suggested by its silly title. Its author undertakes to expound "the original masters" without half understanding them, and apparently without realizing that anything has happened since their day, and he does it all in a sort of foolish and patronizing language adapted to the inferior intelligence of "Helen, aged sixteen." It is to be hoped that the British have no sixteen-year-olds who need such fodder; certainly we have none. Of the book itself the less said the better. As an exposition of economics it would be laughable if it were not so painful. Of course Mr. Belloc has to lug in his pet fallacy of protectionism, and the servile state, and a chapter on economic imaginaries, which last notion he is confident is quite new (would that it were!). The book

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is an excellent one not to waste time on. Mr. Franklin, on the other hand, has made a simple, clear, and dignified presentation of the current economics of the more conservative school. He avoids dogmatism, makes no fatuous effort to simplify things inherently complex, and best of all leaves the reader, not with the idea that he has heard the final word from the Mount but rather with the impression that he has touched the fringes of an important subject with endless interesting and important practical ramifications. He compresses the essentials of his theory into a hundred pages, and devotes twice as much space to "issues of today." In interesting and suggestive fashion he applies his economic method and theory to such problems as overproduction, monopoly, protection, the value of money, taxation, trade unionism, the single tax, and socialism. He pays his respects to such vague phrases as social justice and equality of opportunity, and pleads throughout for intelligent consideration of results as the proper criterion of social action. One need not agree at every point with Mr. Franklin's theory or his practical conclusions, sound and sensible as they generally are, to recognize that he has written a genuinely useful book, and one likely to serve its author's avowed purpose of making economic truth more accessible and more vital. The more we can have of such popular books the better.

Drama

Figures of the Dawn

AT the Neighborhood Playhouse James Joyce's "Exiles" is being played for the first time in English, and it is given an excellent interpretation by Ian Maclaren, Phyllis Joyce, Malcolm Fassett, and Dorothy Sands. To anyone capable of sufficient interest in abstractions it will prove an absorbing play in its own right; but it is as a study in the mental history of both the author and his age that it will be found most significant. In form and manner it is a very close imitation of the plays of Ibsen, and that fact will serve as an indication that the problem with which it deals begins already to date slightly. One cannot help feeling that all the characters stand somewhat more closely upon the threshold of contemporary thought than anyone need stand today, and that they are groping through mazes which have been these ten years past more definitely charted than they were when the play was written. All the characters are "intellectuals," and all are intensely self-conscious. They seem, like many of Ibsen's characters, obsessed by a sense of their responsibility as pioneers of a new order, and they are more intensely alone than such people would be today. About all their acts there is a solemn portentousness; they meet to discuss the ethics of their marital difficulties with the air of men who know that the world hangs upon their decision. "We are the Hyperboreans," they seem, like Nietzsche, to proclaim, and they sense to the full the loneliness and the responsibility which such a situation imposes upon them. "Exiles" is the play of a man committed to a new morality and yet not sure where it will lead him, of one converted heart and soul to the pursuit of a life freed from all prejudices and all compromises, yet completely baffled by the problems which such a life raises.

The hero, a scholar of Dublin, is an uncompromising idealist who, eight years before the play begins, had departed for foreign parts in the company of a young woman whom he refused to marry because he insisted that both he and she should be always free. Now upon his return to Dublin he practically throws his simple-minded mate into the arms of an old lover because he refuses to say—what she longs to hear—that she must not yield. A perfect example of the idealistic self-torturer, he follows her to a rendezvous with her lover, discusses at great length the ethics of the situation with both of them, and then ostentatiously leaves them to choose for themselves—only to discover on the morrow that he has doomed himself to a perpetual torture of doubt. He had been unwilling to utter a single word which would prevent the calamity, but now that it has perhaps occurred he finds himself both unable to accept the fact or even to be sure why he permitted it to be accomplished. The wife accuses him of betraying her in order that he may be free to love another; the lover says that he has sacrificed her to a mad egotistical desire to set himself free from all human prejudices and assure himself of the serenity of his soul in face of every outrage which his emotions can be called upon to bear. He himself believes that his motive was pure idealism, but he is not sure. Thus the play ends in complete despair. Alienated from his wife and from his friend, doubtful of his own motives, the hero stands sure of only two things: the intensity of his own suffering and the fact that he has never bowed to any convention or accepted any compromise.

It is not necessary to look very closely at the central situation to see that it is one which the characters themselves create, that it does not grow out of circumstances but is the result of deliberate experimentation with new ideas and an attempt to push them to their logical conclusion in every direction. The purpose of that new order of which Ibsen is a conveniently representative prophet was to furnish a newer and better adjustment to the problems of life, but many of those upon whom it burst as a revelation were determined, like the characters of Joyce's play, to create the situation which would provide an opportunity to exercise their newly found convictions; and they made of its creed less a declaration of freedom than an altar upon which to immolate themselves. There is, for example, no reason why the hero of this play should not have lived happily all the days of his life with its heroine, and I am not, I hope, wrong in assuming that the experience of a quarter century with "modern ideas" has taught most people that even these do not offer a way out so completely infallible as to make it advisable to manufacture difficulties or solutions. We meet our problems as best we may, but we do not even in our plays seek so desperately to create them.

What strikes us about these figures of the dawn is that they seem to have had so much intelligence and so little wisdom. They threw off the prejudices of a century and they thought their way with brilliant clarity through the maze which passion and prejudice create, but they forgot in their enthusiasm that no man can make of himself a wholly rational animal—that try as he may he cannot think about the wife whom he loves or the friend who takes her from him as logically he ought to think. Such an error the truly wise man—the author, let us say, of "The Little Clay Cart"—would never make, for he would know that true wisdom includes an acquiescence in that part of nature which is neither entirely rational nor entirely intelligent, and he would know that in many affairs of life he who relies upon logic alone is not far short of being a fool. An intelligent man might possibly say to his wife "You are free," and say no more. A wise man would have, at least, a few things to add; for surely if life teaches anything it teaches that we must accept sometimes its irrationality. We take such good things as love and happiness when we can get them, but it is not well to demand always to know that they are ours by right of logic. We must be content that no one *has* stolen our wife without demanding to be sure that no one under any possible circumstances ever could.

At the Yiddish Art Theater is being performed a translation of Merezhkovsky's "Peter the Great." Even those who, like myself, do not understand the language will find the play worth a visit on account of the vivid acting and the original methods of staging. "Tangletoes" (Thirty-ninth Street Theater) is a lively and unsentimental comedy based upon a chorus girl's troubles. The other events of the week are not important. "The Virgin of Bethulia" (Ambassador Theater) is a meretricious and strangely distorted version of the story of Judith; "Houses of Sand" (Hudson Theater) is a very heavy-footed treatment of the results of misalliance between East and West.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE AND OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS

"Magical"—Broun, World. *"Rich and engrossing evening"*—Woollcott, Sun. *"Exciting, provocative, unforgettable"*—Young, Times. *"Rare performance"*—Osborn, Eve. World.
"The Wild Duck" by Ibsen, with Actors' Theatre Cast, 48th St. Theatre. Eves. 8:30; Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Laurette Taylor in "Pierrot the Prodigal," exquisite pantomime, for special matinees at 48th St. Theatre, Tues. and Fri. George Copeland playing piano score.

Shaw's "Candida," with Actors' Theatre Cast. Eltinge Theatre, W. 42d St. Eves. 8:35; Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:35.

Telephone Dry Dock 7516—Every Eve. (Except Monday) at 8:20
Matinee Saturday at 2:20

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE
466 GRAND ST.

"EXILES" by **JAMES JOYCE**

Orchestra $1.50, Balcony $1.00 and 75c.

Eugene O'Neill's Greatest Play

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS
with WALTER HUSTON
EARL CARROLL THEA., 7th Ave. & 50th St. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

Times Square Theatre 42d St., W. of B'way. Eves., 8:30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat., 2:30.

GRACE GEORGE
in
"SHE HAD TO KNOW"
A comedy by Paul Geraldy with BRUCE McRAE
"Grace George at her best."—Heywood Broun, *World.*

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
"WHAT PRICE GLORY"
A new Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thursday and Saturday.

Yiddish Art Theatre 27th St. and Madison Avenue. Fri. & Sat., 8:30; Sun., 2:30 & 8:30.
MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION
By George Bernard Shaw
with MAURICE SWARTZ and entire ensemble

RITZ 48th Street, West of Broadway. Evenings, 8:30. Matinees, Wed. and Sat.
GEORGE ARLISS
in John Galsworthy's
"Old English"

Direct from the Grand Opera House, Paris.
The Miracle of the Wolves
"A film which will probably be ranked among the most superior of all contemporary cinematic efforts."—Martin B. Dickstein, *Brooklyn Eagle.*
Twice Daily **CRITERION** Broadway at 44th St.

THE THEATRE GUILD

PROCESSIONAL
49th ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway, Evenings 8:30.
Matinees, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

ARIADNE
GARRICK 65 W. 35th St. Evenings, 8:30.
Matinees, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED
with RICHARD BENNETT and PAULINE LORD
KLAW West 45th St. Evenings, 8:30.
Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

THE GUARDSMAN
ALFRED LUNT LYNN FONTANNE DUDLEY DIGGES
BOOTH West 45th St. Evenings, 8:30.
Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

FREEDOM FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS IN ALL COUNTRIES

Mass meeting of protest against persecution for opinions, covering:
ITALY SPAIN JUGO-SLAVIA RUSSIA
GERMANY HUNGARY POLAND
TOWN HALL, 113 W. 43d St., Monday Night, March 9, 8:15
COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI WILL BE PRESENT
Speakers
Emil Lengyel B. Charney Vladeck
Arturo Giovannitti Miroslav Sechinsky
Roger N. Baldwin Norman Hapgood, Chairman
Relief for political prisoners in all countries will be discussed.
AUSPICES, INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS, 47 Washington Square, South

DEBATE

ADMIRAL W. L. RODGERS — PROF. SCOTT NEARING

Is Military Preparedness Necessary?

Sunday, March 15, 2:30 p. m., Town Hall, 113 West 43rd St.
Chairman, JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Tickets 50 cents to $2.00 — RAND SCHOOL 7 East 15th Street

HARRY ELMER BARNES, A.B.; A.M.; Ph.D.
Professor of Historical Sociology at Smith College,
Will give a Course of Five Lectures
On "The Creation of the Western Mind"
in THE COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM, Park Ave. and 34th St.
On Thursday evenings, March 19, 26; April 2, 9, 16 at 8:15.
Course Tickets at $3.00 can be secured in advance at 12 Park Avenue or at the door. Single Admission, 75 cents.

RAND SCHOOL
7 East 15th Street

Courses beginning
March 14 SCOTT NEARING
11:00 a.m., Applied Sociology
1:30 p.m., "Current Events"
March 27 LOUIS UNTERMEYER
8:30 p.m., "Talks on Modern Poetry"
March 27 DR. MORRIS KAHN
8:30 p.m., "Heredity and Eugenics"

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL, 239 East 14th Street
Course No. 6.....Russian Literature
2 Lectures by JOHAN SMERTENKO
Thursday, March 5th, at 8:30 P. M.
"The 'Soul' of Russia: from Turgenev to Gorki."
Thursday, March 12th, at 8:30 P. M.
"The Twentieth Century: Before and After Revolution."
Admission 50c.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Austria's Rehabilitation

Chapter II *

By HEINRICH KANNER

Vienna, January 21

THE first chapter of Austria's rehabilitation, beginning in the autumn of 1922 and ending in the spring of 1924, was blessed by speculative luck. Stocks were rising, everyone made money, the government income rose, and the Minister of Finance did not need to economize as much as the League of Nations' reform-program prescribed. Then came a mighty smash. Business incomes were enormously reduced, or ceased, and the state income correspondingly declined. At that precise point the Chancellor, Mgr. Seipel, and his Finance Minister, Dr. Kienböck, who had begun the work of rehabilitation and had carried it on through the period of prosperity, resigned. Their work was taken over by the new Chancellor, Dr. Ramek, and the new Finance Minister, Dr. Ahrer, who also belonged to the Christian Socialist Party.

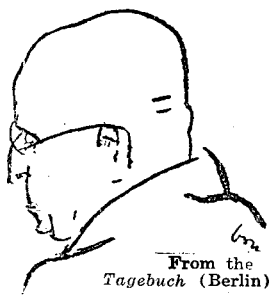
Naturally it is even harder to save money amid the present economic difficulties than it was before. Many businesses have gone by the board, one carrying another with it. Big banks and small have crashed. Large factories, small factories, and merchants have gone bankrupt en masse, and have given the public an unreassuring glimpse into the casual methods of doing business which were current during the inflation period to which many of these enterprises owe their existence or their expansion. The crisis was severer than the famous crash of 1873, although its effects were somewhat tempered by the decisive intervention of the Government, the National Bank, the large private banks, and the General Commissioner.

The market for goods declined all along the line. Those financial, industrial, and commercial enterprises which were able to continue had to limit their operations. Employees were dismissed by the thousand. In this little country, with its population of six millions, there are over 150,000 unemployed supported out of public resources. Yet the federal government, the provinces, and the towns are still suffering from an excess of officials whom it is more difficult to dismiss in these hard times than it was in the days of prosperity.

There are far too many unproductive men in the country in proportion to the number of those productively employed. And the productivity of the individual remains in general not only below that of pre-war days, but also below that of other countries, as, for instance, Germany. Prices are rising rapidly, and consequently a general rise of wages threatens. That would increase the expenses of the state at the very time when its income is declining. It is true that Austria suffered far more during and just after the war than it is suffering today; there is no comparison. The beneficent effects of the half-completed process of rehabilitation are real even if they are not recognized. But the suffering is there, and the worst thing about it is that unless it is checked it seems likely to increase.

How can the rise in prices be checked? In part it is, as in the days immediately following the war, a product of too generous official expenditures, which can be cured only through increased prudence, checking that outflow. In part it is a consequence of the uneconomic and irrational conduct of many business firms. In part too it is a product of the adventurous speculation that has become a habit since the war, especially in the food business. The scarcity of foodstuffs led to the establishment of countless little retail shops and to the introduction of innumerable middlemen. As all these merchants wanted to live, to live well, to become rich, and that rapidly, each of them demanded far more than the usual profit of pre-war days. The scarcity of goods has turned into an oversupply, but too many hands still live on these intermediate profits. A sort of price anarchy reigns in the retail shops. The same article will cost 10 to 20 per cent more in one shop than in the store next door. The laziness of the population tolerates, even supports and makes this situation invulnerable. The housewife is a slave of custom; she does not compare prices; she does not hunt out the cheaper shops, but remains faithful to the old.

Another habit which affects the tendency to higher prices is the convenient custom, which developed during the war, of increasing the wages of state and private employees in proportion to the rise in the cost of living, so that the manufacturers and merchants, in so far as they produce for the domestic market, do not have to fear that high prices will reduce the demand for their goods. If the manufacturer can get money or credit enough, a temporarily declining demand does not force him to reduce his prices. Since they have no cash they work with credit, which, of course, is dependent upon the rate of interest. The rate of interest and the rising prices thus come into competition with each other, and the speculator wins if the profit from higher prices is greater than the rise in his rate of interest. Interest in Austria is very high (13 per cent) in comparison with Western countries, so all the speculators, from the biggest bankers to the smallest merchants, howl against the high rate. The chief of this movement is the president of the National Bank, Dr. Reisch, formerly president of a private bank. A few weeks ago he reduced the rate of interest, but this brought him into conflict with the London bankers, especially with the governor of the Bank of England, which owns a large share of the stock of the Austrian National Bank and gives the tone to Austria's credit in the world market. The Londoners believe that Austria is suffering from credit inflation; they demand a high rate of interest and limitation of credits, in order to force the manufacturers and dealers to sell their large stocks, produced on credit, at lower prices. Czecho-Slovakia had excellent results from such a banking policy. The dominant shoe factory was compelled by a withdrawal of credit to reduce its prices 50 per cent overnight, and the factory has been flourishing ever since. The system has also worked well in Germany. Nevertheless Dr. Reisch still fights it as a "quantity theory" with heavy



From the *Tagebuch* (Berlin)

Dr. Ignaz Seipel

* See Dr. Kanner's article, A Country Without a Statesman, in *The Nation* for March 14, 1923.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scientific arguments—even the crime of inflation has found defense in a German scientific theory, that of Professor Knapp. But the Englishmen remain unconvinced. Men run counter to their convictions in almost everything except in money lending; so the Austrians who need London's money will have to adapt themselves to London's economic views, whether they fit with Austrian "science" or not.

The rise in prices has decreased the purchasing value of the crown by about 40 per cent during the two years of rehabilitation. Many people have hoped that its exchange value in terms of foreign currency would also decline, so that a new flood of bank notes would sweep over Austria. Then the debtors—and Austria is a land of debtors—would again be able, as in the previous inflation period, to pay their debts cheaply, thereby enriching themselves. Many people prominent in the banking and industrial world of Austria were expressing such a desire in terms of profound economic and political philosophy when the crisis came. That put an end to their frivolous chatter. The policy of the National Bank, supported by its English mentors and by the General Commissioner, has maintained the stability of the crown (at 70,000 crowns to a dollar) through two years of rehabilitation, and doubtless will continue to maintain it. That is one great blessing in the midst of misery. The inflation days, when the state was virtually coining false money and economic life was totally demoralized, were a frightful period. Its effects are still only too plain today in the form of scandals and revelations of public corruption. The intervention of the League of Nations has achieved a miracle in rescuing us from this evil, and to avoid its return would be worth any price. The service of the League loan is more than covered by the pledge of the customs revenue and of the tobacco monopoly. A portion of the loan still remains and for the present it will cover the deficit in the state budget. The task of rehabilitating Austria will be completed only when the lesser evil (which is serious enough), the fall in the purchasing value of the crown, is overcome. Only then will Austria attain a stability upon which the Minister of Finance and the private business men can count.

The Dawes Plan

By J. A. H. HOPKINS

FEW people understand the significance of the events which led up to the adoption of the Dawes Plan. Fewer still, in all probability, have had the time or the opportunity to read the full text of the Dawes Report and to realize what it means.

Its Chronology

On December 21, 1923, the Reparation Commission appointed Charles G. Dawes and Owen D. Young to serve on its First Committee of Experts. Mr. Dawes (formerly Comptroller of the Currency) was at that time president of the Central Trust Company of Chicago, one of the banks affiliated with the Morgan syndicate. Mr. Young, who has more recently been heralded as the presiding genius behind the Dawes Plan, was the vice-president of the General Electric Company (now under investigation by the United States Government) and a director in the Bankers Trust Company, one of the Morgan syndicate banks.

On April 9, 1924, the Dawes Report was submitted. On April 27 the Morgan syndicate underwrote its financial require-

WHAT ABOUT OUR OWN RACE QUESTION?

In the March number of Scribner's Magazine, Albert Guérard writes of "The Black Army of France: A Dark Cloud With a Silver Lining."

He shows how France is dealing with the Africans in her territories.

How shall we deal with the negroes who are citizens of our country?

Dr. Guérard discusses that question in the May and June numbers of Scribner's Magazine.

He is in a peculiarly fit position to give light without heat. He is French by birth and American by adoption. He taught many years in the South, and is now at the University of California, Southern Branch.

"Southern Memories" appears in the May Scribner's Magazine and "The Last Taboo" in June.

In the latter, he "mentions the unmentionable."

* * *

The March Scribner's Magazine contains at least five other features which should interest readers of The Nation intensely.

"American Mythology," by Caroline E. MacGill;

"The Epic Note," by Struthers Burt, an essay upon the quality of modern life and its effect upon fiction writing;

"The Battling South," by Gerald W. Johnson, describing the war against ignorance and mob violence being waged in the South;

"Transparency: A Way of Looking at People," a philosophical view of life by a historian of science, George Sarton;

"Humanizing Industry," by Charles S. Myers, director of the British National Institute of Industrial Psychology.

* * *

The April Scribner's Magazine contains "America After Fifteen Years," by H. A. L. Fisher; "Telling a Short Story," by Edith Wharton; "From Park Row to Early Colorado," journalistic reminiscences, by N. P. Babcock; and "The Walls of the Past," by Edward G. Spaulding, a consideration of the possibility of scaling the barriers which heredity and environment have erected about us.

In other words, Scribner's Magazine, each month, twelve times a year, is presenting articles, essays, discussions, and stories designed for people whose minds are capable of receiving stimulation, and of laying aside prejudices.

We wouldn't be using this space if we didn't believe that Scribner's Magazine these days is printing things of more than average interest to you. We should be pleased to have you see if we are correct in this belief by using the coupon below.

Will Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, send me

Scribner's Magazine for one year and a bill for four dollars.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City .....

N-3-11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments. In June Mr. Dawes was nominated by the Republicans as Mr. Coolidge's Vice-Presidential running mate. Immediately afterward Mr. Coolidge, in his acceptance speech, enthusiastically indorsed the Dawes Plan. Within a week Mr. John W. Davis (J. P. Morgan & Co.'s legal adviser), the Democratic Presidential nominee, likewise indorsed it, complaining, however, in so doing, that Mr. Coolidge "had only promised the sympathetic support of our Government—but nothing more."

Its Purpose

A careful consideration of these events and an impartial analysis of the Dawes Report and of the events which preceded and followed its adoption lead to the following conclusions:

First: That the underlying purpose of the Dawes Reparation Report was to gain control, on behalf of Mr. Morgan and his associates, of the banking and railway systems of Europe (commencing with the German banks and railways), so as to establish the Morgan syndicate as the financial dictators of the world.

Second: That in order to establish this dictatorship the Morgan banking syndicate have departed from the indirect methods previously used, by which they have already gained control of our domestic governmental machinery, by nominating their own copartners for office on both the Republican and Democratic national tickets, thus also securing for themselves the power to control and dictate the policy which we must adopt in regard to our foreign and international relations.

The report begins by stating that the committee's attitude is that of "business men anxious to obtain effective results." It then states that since 1919 Germany has spared no expense in improving its railway system, that its telephone and telegraph connections have been equipped with the most modern appliances, that its harbors and canals have been developed, and that its industrial plants are in many instances adapted to produce a greater output than before the war. In other words, the situation presents very tempting possibilities for exploitation by the international banking syndicate.

But successful exploitation presupposes effective control of Germany's national credit and of her transportation system. To bring this about the Dawes Report provides for an external loan of 800,000,000 gold marks, which it is said "will serve the double purpose of assuring currency stability and financing essential deliveries." This loan is described as "an integral part of our scheme," and its flotation was immediately underwritten by the Morgan Banking Syndicate. This having been provided for, together with an elaborate system of interlocking boards and commissions by which the entire control is centralized in the syndicate underwriting the original loan, the report proceeds to deal with the banking and railway situations.

Its Bank and Railways

It provides for a government bank with a capital of 400,000,000 gold marks, which it describes "as a private corporation whose charter shall be for fifty years." This bank will exercise all the functions of government, but "will serve as a bankers' bank, entirely free from governmental control or interference." Of the 4,000,000 preference shares represented by its capital, 3,000,000 "shall be allotted and sold on such terms . . . as are most advantageous to the bank." And at the end of each financial period a sum shall be set aside sufficient to pay 8 per cent interest, and "the balance of the net profits shall be divided one-half to the shareholders in dividends . . . and one-half to the government."

The report frankly states that under government ownership "The German railroads have not merely been restored to their pre-war state of efficiency but have been brought to a much higher standard, a standard which to the best of our knowledge is superior to that of any other country." It also admits that the invested capital of March, 1920, when the railroads were turned over to the Government, plus the further capital since invested, aggregating 25,860,000,000 gold marks, plus the expenditures for the current year, "represent capital invested,

TELEPHONES
CHELSEA 8901-2-3-4 104 FIFTH AVENUE

SIXTH INTERNATIONAL
NEO-MALTHUSIAN
and
BIRTH CONTROL CONFERENCE

March 25th to 31st, 1925

AUSPICES
AMERICAN BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE, INC.
MARGARET SANGER, *President*

TO BE HELD AT
Hotel McAlpin, New York City

Program Committee

LEON J. COLE, PH.D., University of Wisconsin
E. M. EAST, PH.D., Harvard University
C. C. LITTLE, S.D., University of Maine
ADOLPH MEYER, M.D., Johns Hopkins University
W. F. OGBURN, PH.D., Columbia University
RAYMOND PEARL, PH.D., Johns Hopkins University

This conference has aroused the interest and support of many of the scientific men in Europe. Among the foreign vice-presidents are found such names as: Sir James Barr, M.D., LL.D.; Arnold Bennett, J. O. P. Bland, H. G. Wells, Harold Cox, M.A.; Havelock Ellis, Edward Westermarck, Ph.D., Hon. LL.D.; Lytton Strachey, Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C.B., M.B., M.S., F.R.C.S.; Sir Edwin Ray Lankaster, K.C.B., M.A., LL.D., D.Sc.; John Maynard Keynes, M.A., C.B.; Dr. Bernard Hollander, the Hon. Mrs. Graham Murray, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence; E. W. MacBride, D.S.C., M. A., LL.D., F.R.S.; Julian Huxley, etc.

March 24		Concert—Aeolian Hall
March 25		Registration of Delegates
March 25	4-6 P.M.	Reception
	8-10 P.M.	Opening Addresses — Greetings and Reports of Organizations
March 26	A.M.	Fecundity and Civilization / Population
	2-5 P.M.	Different Birth Rate
	7-10 P.M.	Pioneers' Dinner
March 27	9:30-12	Health of Community and Venereal Disease—Public Health
	2-5 P.M.	Economic Poverty, Labor Economics
	8-10 P.M.	War and Population, War
March 28	9-12 A.M.	Sterilization, Crime, Eugenics, Biological
	2-5 P.M.	Fertility and Sterility — Experimental
	Evenings	Free—Theatre—Opera
March 29		Contraception, Free day
March 30		Psychic Release—Women's Session
	2-5 P.M.	Ethical Factors, Religious
	8-10 P.M.	Public Health and Birth Control (Public Meeting)
March 31	9:30-12	International Plans for Future
	2-5 P.M.	Visit to Clinic

Open Discussion to Follow All Sessions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is sometimes a very different thing from capital value. For," the report continues, "the capital value of the German railway system . . . may be taken to be fully equal to the capital invested." The report also says that notwithstanding the large amounts spent for improvements, the earnings are now equal to the expenditures.

But in the face of these admitted facts it recommends the conversion of the German railways into a private joint-stock company, "because," it says, "the spirit of the government's ownership in the past has been directed to running the railways primarily in the interests of German industry, and only secondarily as a revenue-producing concern."

The report therefore provides for the creation of a company for operating the railways "which shall have a monopoly of all railway extension in Germany," and "shall be entitled to vary the tariffs then in force or any of them from time to time." It also states that the railways "must be worked as a commercial enterprise . . . with the determination so to fix the rates as to produce all the receipts that can be obtained."

It provides for 11,000,000,000 gold marks 5 per cent first mortgage bonds, which are to be sold to the public, with a sinking-fund provision that will gradually retire the whole issue. These are followed by 2,000,000,000 gold marks of preference shares, which, when the bonds are retired, will constitute a prior claim on the entire property. Of these 1,500,000,000 are "set aside in the treasury of the company for sale to private persons," and are subject to a "fixed rate of dividend and entitled to participation in the profits." The remaining 500,000,000 of the preference shares and the 13,000,000,000 gold marks of common stock go to the government.

Its Guaranty

It has been asserted that the United States Government has guaranteed the underwritings of the Morgan syndicate. This has also been denied. But it is a fact that on April 27 last a statement was issued to the effect that Mr. Morgan would participate in the German loan only in the event that it was made part of a genuine reparation settlement. Immediately afterward the Morgan syndicate underwrote the entire loan, at least implying that their condition had been met.

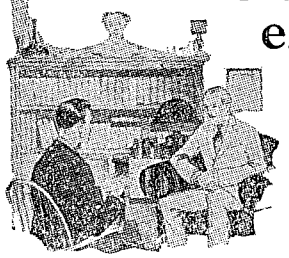
Furthermore, an agreement has just been signed (in January, 1925) which makes the Dawes Plan a distinct part of the reparations settlement, as stipulated by Mr. Morgan. This agreement provides that the United States will be paid 55,000,000 gold marks per annum "in reimbursement of costs to the United States Army of Occupation, and for the purpose of satisfying awards to the Mixed Claims Commission." But these payments are not to begin until September, 1926; and this agreement takes the place of our previous agreement, which has been canceled. It is furthermore provided that before these payments are made all the "sums necessary for the service of 800,000,000 gold marks German external loan of 1924," together with certain other prior claims, shall be set aside.

This is the loan by which the Morgan syndicate took over the German railway and banking systems; and the charge that the United States Government has guaranteed this loan is amply corroborated by the fact that it is made a part of the reparations settlement, as demanded by Mr. Morgan originally; that it is given priority over every other claim, and that the agreement covering these points has been definitely signed by the authorized representatives of the United States Government.

Following this German external loan (upon which the Morgan syndicate's brokerage amounted to $5,500,000) the French Parliament authorized its government to borrow $100,000,000 in America, also to be negotiated through the Morgan interests. And it was announced that the Minister of Finance, Clementel, "told how the agreement had been submitted for ratification to the United States Government, and how only this morning (November 21, 1924) he had received a cable that approval had been obtained."

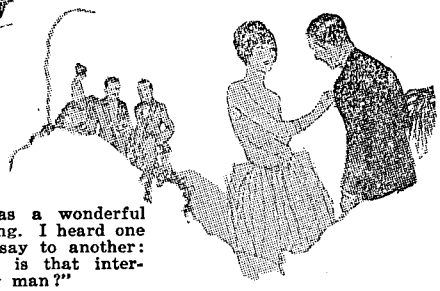
Other loans, constituting a "flood of European financing

How fifteen minutes' reading made me more money than eight hours' work



There is magic in 15 minutes a day—if you know how to use them. The secret is told in a free book; send for it today—now.

He gave me a good stiff body blow. "You're honest," he said, "and you work hard, but, frankly, you're not *interesting*."



It was a wonderful evening. I heard one man say to another: "*Who* is that interesting man?"

Says a prominent business man:

I MADE more money last year than I made in the five years before. Yet I did not work any harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had much more time for golf, travel and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea, in many men's minds, that hard work is all that is required for success. Horses do hard work and get nothing but their board. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive, but not by work alone, by discovering a secret that the others could turn to their own advantage if they only would—but they don't.

"I believe I have a right to speak with authority about this, because I have proved everything I say by my own experience. I have increased my earnings more by 15 minutes' reading a day than I ever did by 8 hours' work.

"The secret is very simple. To think straight and talk interestingly is easy—if you can spare even 15 minutes a day, and will spend those 15 minutes in pleasant, profitable reading along lines recommended by Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard.

"From his lifetime of reading, study and teaching—forty years of it as President of Harvard University—Dr. Eliot chose a few books for the most famous library in the world; a library which I keep always close to my easy chair, and which is so arranged with notes and reading courses that you can get from it—as I did—the knowledge of literature and life, the culture and the interesting viewpoint which every university strives to give."

You will find below a coupon which will bring you a remarkable little free book that gives the plan, scope and purpose of

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about these famous Harvard Classics.

The free book tells how Dr. Eliot and his associates undertook to select the 418 great masterpieces that contain what he calls "the essentials of a liberal education," and how he has so arranged it that even 15 minutes a day are enough.

You are cordially invited to have a copy of this useful and entertaining little book. It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any kind. Merely tear off the coupon and mail it today.

P. F. Collier & Son Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the little guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Mr.
Name Mrs. .....
Miss

Address .....

..... 3153-HCH L

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that is expected to run well up to the thousands of millions of dollars" are under way, and bankers estimate that already there are more than 15,000,000 Americans who have invested their money in such securities, as compared to only 500,000 in 1914.

Great Britain, America's greatest financial rival, frankly admits that "When an English banker makes a loan abroad he does so with the certainty that back of his just interest are the British army and navy."

Can anyone seriously contend that the Morgan syndicate, as intermediaries for the billions of dollars of foreign speculations, upon which they collect toll, will not frankly demand and insist, on behalf of their clients, that the United States likewise back these exploitations—when the necessity arises—with the full force of its army and navy?

Its Dangers

Herein lies the cause of war. For financial imperialism, commercial exploitation, the catch phrase "that the dollar follows the flag" and therefore the flag must follow the dollar, have been the causes of practically every war which the modern world has known. In short, the carrying out of the Dawes Plan means that the devastating effect of the Morgan control, which has already concentrated 60 per cent of our wealth in the hands of 2 per cent of our population, has been extended to Europe, and that Europe will suffer economic and industrial enslavement.

It means that the rising generations in America must face conscription and shed their blood whenever and wherever in the world the friction of politics strikes the spark of war from the flint of avaricious profiteering.

Already we are told that "the attention of Allied statesmen is focused on the problem of preventing Germany from beginning it all over again." Already "The French seem to think that there is neither peace on earth nor good-will toward man so far as Germany is concerned."

The Nationalists of Germany are quoted as saying: "What is the use of trying to fulfil the Dawes Plan? It was always a pretext to cheat us. We told you so long ago."

And the French are saying: "Voluntary contribution, special taxation, and even a capital levy would certainly be preferred to a Dawes Plan which would operate with regard to the French railroads in the same way as has been done with the German railroads."

"Business men rather than diplomats," it is stated, are arranging an international conference for the purpose of establishing the Dawes Plan in China and the Far East.

Hardly a day passes without additional appropriations for naval, military, and airplane equipment; and the whole world is busily engaged in developing poison gases—even "mad" gas, the breathing of which produces permanent and incurable insanity.

Yet Mr. Seymour L. Cromwell, formerly president of the New York Stock Exchange, has said that "The recent export of American funds to all quarters of the world constitutes a fundamental step toward the elimination of warfare"; on the strength of which Messrs. Dominick & Dominick, a well-known bond house, have issued a leaflet entitled "Wall Street a factor in Securing World Peace."

APARTMENT?

Will anyone who wants to rent an apartment in New York City for the summer write in, specifying what they want, as a number of very fine apartments are available through *The Nation*.

SUMMER TIME?

In another few weeks *Nation* readers will be looking about for a place to spend the summer.

We wish that anyone who runs a camp for children or adults, or a boarding house or hotels, or who has houses or rooms to rent, would write in to us, giving as detailed information as possible, so that we may make recommendations to *Nation* readers who ask us for such information.

ADDRESS DEPT. B, care of *THE NATION*.

The AMALGAMATED BANK

103 East 14th St. COR. 4TH AVE. AT UNION SQ.

OFFERS EVERY BANKING FACILITY

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Growth in two years:

TOTAL RESOURCES

April 14, 1923 (date of opening) $555,844.37

April 14, 1924 . . . . . $3,114,403.00

Feb. 14, 1925
OVER 5 MILLION DOLLARS

One Dollar starts a Thrift account at 4%

CHECKING ACCOUNTS INVITED

Money transmitted to every part of the world.

NEW YORK'S FIRST LABOR BANK

SUMMER TIME?

In another few weeks *Nation* readers will be looking about for a place to spend the summer.

We wish that anyone who runs a camp for children or adults, or a boarding house or hotels, or who has houses or rooms to rent, would write in to us, giving as detailed information as possible, so that we may make recommendations to *Nation* readers who ask us for such information. Address Dept. 1, care of The Nation.

BEST BOOKS — LOWEST PRICES
FICTION DEPARTMENT — NEW BOOKS

Genius—T. Dreiser	$2.50	This Freedom — A. S. M. Hutchinson	$1.50
Salvos—Waldo Frank	2.00	Wanderers—Knut Hamsun	2.00
Babbitt—S. Lewis	1.50	The Vilage—Ivan Bunin	2.00
Gates of Life—E. Bjorkman	2.00	The Americanization of Edward Bok—limited edition, pub. at $7.50. Our price	6.00
The Mayflower—V. B. Ibáñez	1.50		
Queen Calafia—V. B. Ibáñez	1.75		
Ralph Herne—W. H. Hudson, limited edition, pub. at $7.50, Our price	6.00	The Irish Guards in the Great War—R. Kipling. 2 Vols. Pub. at $10.00. Our price	8.00

and other latest classics at bargain prices.

The Progress Book Exchange — 25 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Longacre 9189 — Write for our Bulletin No. 100

Outside the Fold, and Glad of It

WHY I QUIT GOING TO CHURCH

With Answers to Critics and Correspondents

By RUPERT HUGHES

Author of "The Old Nest," "Within These Walls," "Excuse Me," etc.

160 pp. 75 cents net

The Truth Seeker Company

49 Vesey Street New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED